

## Desperation by Joyy\_1028

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Awkwardness, Consensual Underage Sex, Cunnilingus, Established Relationship, F/M, Friends to Lovers, Government Experimentation, Human Experimentation, Kidnapping, Light Bondage, Major Nancy Wheeler/ Jonathan Byers, Medical Experimentation, Nancy Wheeler/ Jonathan Byers smut, Time Skips, Unethical Experimentation, Unplanned Pregnancy, Vaginal Sex

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Holly Wheeler, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Martin Brenner, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Ted Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Max/Lucas Sinclair

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**Summary:**

Wrote this because season 2 is soon and there is not enough Jancy out there

Nancy can't seem to get her homework done, so she decides to call Jonathan to help her study while home alone, all while Dr. Brenner is in need of a new experiment after the failure to keep Eleven under his control. He goes back to Hawkins in search of a new experiment.

Takes place after season two

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

UPDATE: This chapter contains spoilers for season 2, so it fits with the show's story better. So don't read if you don't want it to get spoiled. Also, I revised it again and made changes so idk give me some feedback please! This story contains multiple chapters.

It had been almost a year exactly since Will Byers disappearance, since Barbara's death, and since she had truly befriended Jonathan Byers. She tried once again, desperately to focus only on finding the answer to the damned history question. She was sitting at her home, alone while doing her homework, preparing for a test. Her father was at work, her mother was out running errands with Nancy's much younger sister, and Mike was with his friends at the arcade. It was also four months since her breakup with Steve Harrington, which she no longer cared about. After all, she had begun to feel something more for Jonathan Byers, after the night they had while coming up for a good cover story to give Barbara's parents closer. She groaned as she once again thought about Jonathan Byers, whom had seemed to be the only person on her mind lately.

Nancy sighed as she looked over the same question once again, her brain unable to comprehend the question. Her hair, which had been damp from her recent shower had begun to somewhat soak her shirt, which slightly irritated her skin. Her mind had seemingly been unable to focus on her school work, which had almost never happened. She sighed as she looked over the textbook, the answer was somewhere in the back of her mind and hinted within the book, yet she couldn't bring herself to figure it out. Nancy decided on going with her last resort. She sighed as she stood up and walked to the phone, she knitted her eyebrows together as she dialed Jonathan's phone number. They shared the class, perhaps he could help her study, just this once. She blushed as someone picked up the phone, her heart raced as she thought it could be Jonathan.

"Hello?" A woman on the other line asked, she recognised it instantly as Joyce Byers. Nancy was able to calm herself, for the most part.

"Uh, yeah hi, this is Nancy Wheeler, I was wondering if Jonathan was there?" She asked casually as she wiped her forehead.

"Oh, um one moment," Joyce spoke kindly, just as she heard her call for Jonathan to take the phone. Nancy waited for him to pick up the phone, her heart beating rapidly against her chest as she finally heard his voice.

"Hello?" He asked, she momentarily froze as she thought of what to say, her mind once again going blank. She took a deep breath and tried her best to keep her thoughts together.

"Yeah, I was wondering if you finished the homework in Mrs. Walker's class, I'm stuck on a question and I really can't figure it out." She said.

"Oh, uh, yeah. Which question?" He asked, Nancy mentally cursed herself as she looked towards the abandoned paper on the table across the room.

"Twelve, I think." Nancy guessed. In all truth, she had only gotten her name written down on her paper and had partially figured out one of them, even after ten minutes of sitting down and wracking her brain, she just couldn't focus enough. Which was something she had never struggled with before.

"Oh, I just-" He began, she closed her eyes tightly as she cut him off.

"Are you free tonight?" She asked a bit awkwardly and abruptly. Her mind had replayed the moments from the previous winter, when she had gone monster hunting with him. How close that awful, yet exciting time had brought them. She remembered the first night they had shared together in her room, then the second night they shared at the motel, and finally the third time they had been in the same room. She remembered his rough kiss, the warmth from his touch, how Steve Harrington had never made her feel so incredibly good. Jonathan Byers, he was the best. At every conceivable thing, she was

unable to get him off of her mind, she craved his touch and kiss again since that night.

“Yeah,” he responded, she was brought from her thoughts, she gave a small breath.

“Could you come over and help me study? I'm having troubles with most of the questions, and I'd really appreciate it.” She said a bit abruptly.

“Yeah just give me a second,” he replied. She heard Jonathan inform his mother that he was going to her house. Nancy thought about what Jonathan had looked like shirtless, she wondered if he had any freckles on his chest or abdomen. She thought about tracing over them with her tongue, something she had wondered about quite more often than she'd think was normal for a friend to imagine.

“I'll be there in a few,” He spoke kindly, Nancy was brought back from her very inappropriate, yet erotic thoughts, which she had felt guilty for even harbouring.

“Thank you, I really appreciate this, Jonathan.” She said as she hung up the phone. Just as she stepped away from the phone, Nancy quickly decided to straighten up the already mostly clean house. She placed her books in a neat pile on the table, her homework and pencil laying next to it. She decided to prepare a few snacks for him and place sodas on the table. Just as she came back downstairs from changing her clothes, she jumped as she heard a knock on the door. She had forgot to pay attention to the time. Nancy was quick to open the door, she flashed a small smile at him just as she allowed him inside. Her eyes lingered on his form, she bit her lip as she eyed him slowly. She was going to go insane from her need if her desperate thirst wasn't quenched.

“Thank you for this, I owe you.” She said as he placed his schoolbag on the chair across from her books.

“It's okay, Mrs. Walker can be brutal sometimes.” He said. She nodded in agreement as she bit her bottom lip. Her eyes briefly flickered up to his meet lips, she swallowed hard as she fought her

building desperation and raging hormones, which had seemingly been an impossible task.

"Hungry?" She asked kindly, breaking the growing silence as she motioned to the array of assorted snacks on the table.

"Yeah thanks," he answered. Nancy sat down, he sat beside her. The closeness had her unable to breathe, she could almost feel his warmth, she looked towards his lips once again, just as he darted out his tongue to slowly moisten it. Nancy swallowed back a small gasp that had built in her throat. She blushed as she caught a small hint of his scent. He was almost completely intoxicating. She smiled as he reached for the snacks, she met his eyes.

"So are your parents home?" He asked, she shook her head.

"No, it's just me." She said back with a slight smirk.

"Right, so problem twelve?" He asked, she nodded as she opened the book and flipped through the chapters.

"Yeah, the majority of the problems actually." She said, her voice was low and somewhat quiet. Jonathan leaned over to reread the first question, Nancy blushed darkly as his shoulder lightly bumped into hers, she felt her heart begin to race.

"Sorry," he muttered as he moved away from her, Nancy brushed her knee against his, he kept his focus solely on the book.

These particular questions hadn't been as challenging as the other assignments Mrs. Walker had given them, and Nancy had always solved those within the last few minutes of class. It seemed unlikely to him that she would have problems with these, perhaps something was bothering her? She closed her eyes as she bit her lip, trying desperately not to breathe in, the smell of him would cause her to go insane. Jonathan looked up at her, his eyes met her frustrated, almost painful expression. Nancy was holding herself back from something, Jonathan almost wished he had his camera to capture that enchanting expression. He shook the thought from his mind. Nancy was his friend, and he wouldn't ever be a creep like that again, he

didn't want to tarnish their friendship.

“What exactly do you need help with?” He asked his voice a deep whisper, almost the same tone he had used that breathtaking night. She opened her eyes at the sudden, almost erotic tone of his voice which had instantly pulled her from her thoughts. She once again met his eyes, Nancy thought she saw something more there, something lustful. It must have been her imagination, she tried to shake the thought from her head. He was there to help her study, she reminded herself. He was her friend and she loved him- she gasped lightly as she looked at him. Did she love Jonathan Byers in a more than friends way? She reached for her pencil, her hand ghosted above his. She couldn't be that close to him, ever again. Not if she wanted to maintain their friendship.

“I just don't really understand the question.” She began, he gave an awkward chuckle.

“That's not really what I meant,” he said.

“You called me over here while your house is empty, I'm just wondering if maybe studying wasn't the only thing on your mind.” He asked curiously, she blushed. Her eyes traveled along the length of his arms, up to his neck, and she remembered kissing his Adam's apple.

“I-” She stumbled for what to say, how did he figure her out so easily? She chewed the inside of her cheek. She had needed help with her homework, but maybe he wasn't the correct person for the job. In his company she was even more distracted than when she was alone. Yet she couldn't have him leave, she thought about what he had said, studying was not the only thing on her mind. Maybe that was why she had decided to call him and not Steve, or anyone else for that matter.

“Jonathan-” She whispered with a small, awkward laugh. Though, he could easily tell he wasn't wrong. She was hesitant to admit it, yet it was so obvious in her stature that she was so distracted by something, maybe it was him? Could he allow himself to think that? He didn't care, Nancy needed his help and he would help her. With

the homework, of course.

"It's fine, let's study," he said with his own, awkward smile.

He had begun to re-read the question for the third time that night though he had already solved it. Nancy never took her eyes off of him, which caused him to be a bit more nervous than usual. He swallowed as he skimmed over her work, it was a distraction from Nancy, even though she hadn't gotten much done. Nancy had seemed a bit too sure of what she had wanted from him, which caused a spike in his adrenaline as he thought about how soft Nancy's skin had been. He had harboured feelings for Nancy for the longest time. Since he had first met her back when Mike and Will had their first sleep over. She cautiously placed her hand on his, to which he had first responded with a small flinch, before he lightly tightened his grip, accepting her gentle touch. He cleared his throat, she had almost pulled away yet his mysterious, dark eyes had captured hers. It was only a moment before her eyes fluttered close as their faces neared. She kissed him, or he had kissed her. She wasn't really paying attention much as he began to gently rub circles on the back of her hand. She let out a small, barely noticeable moan just as he pulled away, startled. Her blush darkened. He began to blush as well, which had informed her that he had heard her. It was beyond embarrassing.

"I'm sorry-" She began, he shook his head. "Don't be, it was cute," he muttered back.

"I'm never going to get my homework done," she whispered just as she kissed him again.

Her arms were wrapped around his neck as she deepened the kiss, her mouth opened slightly, just as his did, and for a moment she allowed herself to taste his mouth. His hands went from her lap to her hips. He carefully held her firm in his grasp as she attempted to move closer to him.

"Jonathan-" She breathed slowly, her eyes were half lidded as she gently moaned his name. She had wanted this for far too long, longer than she'd ever admit to even herself.

"We should really study," he suggested breathlessly.

"Yeah, we should," She agreed. They separated from each other's arms, which left them both feeling aroused and lonely. He read aloud the question, to which she had barely paid attention too. She watched as his lips moved with each word, they glistened in the light, still wet from their slightly sloppy kiss and from his tongue slowly, teasingly licked them. He looked at her, he watched as she kept her eyes on his lips, before she looked up.

"So what do you take from that?" He asked, she shrugged as she pulled her mind from her thoughts.

"I have no idea." She answered half mindedly.

"You've got to pay more attention in class then, Nancy." He said.

She almost laughed at that. She couldn't. Not when he sat next to her, or when he silently chuckled as he pretended not to pay attention to a classmate's bad attempt at insulting him. To which Nancy defended him, she always did just like she noticed every twitch or habit he had when things got stressful. Maybe it was wishful thinking, perhaps she was even crazy, but a part of her believed he felt the same way towards her. Maybe when she looked at him with complete adoration and yearning, sometimes he looked back. He was the biggest distraction for her, every time he just moved she'd feel herself losing the battle between logic and emotions, a battle she'd never lost before. Now with Steve out of the picture completely, she didn't have a shield anymore, she couldn't lie to herself anymore.

"Do you want to take this to my bedroom?" She asked mindlessly. He chuckled lightly, she playfully punched him.

"I mean to study." She said.

"Sure," he responded with a slight, knowing smile.

"To study," he finished. She rolled her eyes at him.



## 2. Chapter 2

### Summary for the Chapter:

Nancy and Jonathan decide to take their studying to her bedroom. Not a family friendly chapter.

"I can't believe it was that simple," Nancy said as she wrote down the answer to the final question.

She stretched out her arms as she finally closed her textbook. He chuckled lightly as he avoided her gaze, it was obvious to Nancy that he was a bit nervous. She thought his chuckle was adorable, then again, she thought everything he did was adorable. He was like a puppy, soft and sweet. She looked towards him from over her books fighting a growing smile. They were both sitting on her bed, which was nothing new. Though, he hadn't spent the night since last year, due to the fact her mother would never allow that and she hadn't wanted Steve to get the wrong idea again. Now, it hadn't mattered much to her what Steve thought. Since she never really loved him, which she had been briefly guilty about.

"So, homework is done." She muttered, his eyes flickered to hers.

"Should I go?" He asked, she blushed.

"You could stay," she offered suddenly, with her own sudden nervousness she couldn't quite shake.

Her tongue darted out to moisten her bottom lip as she slowly reached out to stroke his hand. Nancy looked into his eyes and but her lip as she debated on whether or not she should make the first move. She let out a silent curse as she pushed her books to the ground and kissed him. Her lips met his instantly, he kissed back almost immediately. She fluttered her eyes closed as his hands found her hips, he once again held her, yet this time he slowly guided her to sit on his lap. The warmth from his touch sent shivers up her spine, it had brought back memories from four months ago, when they'd first slept together. She was sure about what she had felt for

Jonathan, there wasn't any other person alive that she had felt such a strong attraction towards other than him. She moaned as he began to lower his hands, he was careful as to not directly touch her bottom, but she wouldn't care if he did.

Nancy swayed her hips so eagerly over his just as she slowly began to open her mouth, Jonathan was careful about touching her tongue with his. It was getting increasingly hard for him to keep his control as she softly moaned his name. Nancy had then began to undress herself, loosening the buttons of her pajama shirt as she easily began to slide it off, Jonathan then grabbed her wrist, stopping her from furthering her actions. She looked down at his eyes, uncertainty was settling into her mind. Maybe he didn't want her, but then why was he at her door when she had opened it? Why did he kiss her? Perhaps he had gotten over his feelings towards her, had they been there at all. Or maybe he wasn't ready to sleep with her again, whatever it was, Nancy had wanted to know. The last thing she wanted was to come on too strong towards Jonathan.

"Is something wrong?" She asked, he swallowed hard.

"N-no, nothing's wrong," he stuttered awkwardly, he once again avoided eye contact as his eyes darted around her bedroom, he looked anywhere but at her, a blush crept on his face as he tried to slow his racing thoughts.

"Then why'd you stop me?" She asked, he looked back at her, his nervousness getting the better of him.

"Are you sure you want this? With me? The first time-" He began to ramble, she silenced him with soft kiss.

"Yeah, of course I'm sure. Do- do you want this?" She asked with slight sadness. If it wasn't what he wanted, if she wasn't what he wanted, then she'd just made a fool out of herself.

"Of course I do, Nance- you're amazing." he breathed, she smirked at him.

"I just want to make sure you're ready, I don't want you to regret

anything.” he began, she silenced him again with a small kiss, it had reminded her of the first time they were together. Though they had both been drinking, he was still making sure she wanted to be with him, and he definitely made sure she had enjoyed herself with him.

“I won't regret any of this. I want you, Jonathan Byers, I always want you.” She whispered in his ear.

He slowly let go of her wrist, she timidly continued undressing herself. Once her shirt was off, his lips met her neck, he trailed kisses down her collarbone and stopped just above her bra. She looped her fingers under his shirt, slowly pulling it off of his body. He lifted his arms and threw his shirt on the ground, just before he gently pushed her on her back. He kissed her roughly, his teeth biting down on her lips as he began to undo her pants, ripping them off of her legs just before he began to take off his belt.

“Have you been tied down before?” He asked hotly, his breath tickled her ear.

“What?” She asked, he smiled.

“Give me your wrists,” he said, she cautiously obliged.

“If it bothers you, I'll take it off.” He muttered in her ear, she nodded just as he began to gently put his belt around her wrists before he quickly tightening it. She jumped slightly from the foreign feeling. Her arousal spiked as he put the belt on the bed post, rendering her immobile, unable to move while he leaned in over her. It had aroused her more than anything she had experienced. He was far more adventurous than Steve had been. Jonathan was full of surprises, she loved every second of it.

“Is that okay?” He asked, she looked up towards her tied down wrists and nodded once.

“Yeah, it doesn't bother me.” She said breathlessly, she was enjoying it. Really enjoying it.

“Okay,” he replied as he slowly lowered himself to her navel kissing

her there once before he began to gently remove her panties, revealing her shaved womanhood. Nancy gasped lightly as she became completely bare under him, a part of her had wanted him to take her like that, helpless and very needy.

She blushed darkly as he carefully put her thighs on his shoulders, his eyes flickered up to meet hers just before he slowly began to lick her. She gasped at the warm and wet sensation, she hadn't ever experienced anything like it before. She wanted to so badly tangle her fingers in his light brown locks, to pull him closer to where she needed him most. The lewd thoughts had only seemed to spike her arousal, as he began to gently lick up her juices. His tongue left a wet trail up towards her swollen nub back down to her sobbing entrance. She shuddered as her hips had bucked into his face, causing his tongue to go deep within her walls, he then began to thrust his tongue inside of her before he roughly rolled it over her nub. She felt sweat build on her body, it left her a bit cold, yet she felt very very warm. Jonathan then roughly pushed two fingers inside of her and twisted them within her as he continued to circle his tongue over her nub. She knew it wouldn't be long before she climaxed.

“Jonathan-” she whimpered as he began to suck down on her. He then added another finger inside of her, thrusting them in sync with each lick.

She felt his fingers move inside of her rhythmically, as if he was searching for something. Her hips bucked from their own accord just as his fingers stroked against a certain, sensitive spot within her. He then hit that spot again, causing her to let out a breathless moan. She screamed his name just as she felt herself clench down on his fingers, signaling her release. She pulled against his belt as her body shook from her climax, she breathed heavily as she collapsed back into the bed, panting as she slowly came down from her sudden high. He removed his fingers from her and moved up to face her.

“You're amazing, Jonathan Byers-” She said breathlessly as she panted. He kissed her, she could taste herself on his lips.

“You're beautiful, Nancy Wheeler.” He said back. He then quickly removed his belt from her wrists, freeing her. She rubbed her wrists

as she sat up, she shot him a smile.

“We’re not done yet,” She said as she began to undo his jeans.

“We don't have to-” he began, she disregarded his words as she made quick work of removing his jeans. She began to palm him over his boxers, pleased to find that he was already hard. She removed his boxers then, as she remembered how incredibly well he had fit inside of her. She slowly began to stroke his length with her hand, he bit his lip to silence a moan.

“Do you want to?” She asked, he nodded.

Carefully, and with his help, she began to slowly place herself over his hardened length, he groaned as he entered her. He felt amazing inside of her, even better than that of her memory. Nancy bit her lip as she gained control of the situation. She pushed him on his back as she began to move her hips in a circular motion. He pleased her, now she planned on returning the favor. She planted a firm hand on his chest as she moved her hips above his. He had his eyes closed in pleasure, she arched her back as she rode him, his hips met hers with every passionate thrust. She removed her bra and carefully lead one of his hands towards her chest.

He slowly began to touch her, he rolled his thumb over one of her nipples, earning a breathless pant from her. She allowed his slightly calloused fingers- which she had blamed on his camera- to explore her chest, he gently pinched her nipple as she rolled her hips over his. Her movements became quicker, rougher, more erratic as she gasped at how well he fit inside of her. He moaned her name which had only urged her to go faster, which had caused both Jonathan and her bed to move. The bed frame shook with each thrust, which Nancy believed would cause scratches on the wall, but she hadn't cared. She was glad her parents and Mike still hadn't come home yet, being caught with her younger brother's best friend's older brother was not something she'd want as a family discussion.

Jonathan trailed his hands down her breasts and held on tightly to her waist, his nails dug into the soft skin of her hip as he clenched his jaw tightly, his eyes were squeezed closed as he cursed. His hips had

then went up in a final erratic motion, he yelled her name just as he came inside of her. He then calmed, his body relaxed as he let go of his tight hold on her waist. His hands went to his sides and she looked into his dark, watery eyes. She carefully got off of him as she laid down next to him, he wrapped her up in his arms, she traced her fingers over his arm, feeling his muscles. In that moment of closeness, she knew she had already fallen in love with him. Jonathan Byers. She smiled at him and planted a kiss on his lips.

“Jonathan,” She whispered, he kissed her forehead.

“Did... did you enjoy it?” She asked, he nodded.

“That was... fantastic,” He muttered back.

“That's good,” She replied as she turned off the light.

“We should-” he began, his voice barely above a whisper.

“Would you want-” he tried again, uncertainty in his tone as he spoke. She turned to him, placing a small kiss to his lips.

“Would I want what?” She pressed, he gulped.

“To go somewhere together sometime? Just you and me.” He asked as she trailed a finger along his chest. She gave a small smile as she forced a bigger one back.

“Like as a date?” She asked curiously, he nodded.

“Are you asking me out, Jonathan Byers?” She asked with a huge smile as she traced his bottom lip with her thumb.

“Is that okay? If not I-” He asked nervously.

“It's perfect.” She cut in, keeping him from rambling as she placed a gentle kiss to his perfect lips.

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Summary for the Chapter:

~Contains a 1 year Time skip~

Nancy and Jonathan are in their final year of highschool these chapters

#### Notes for the Chapter:

This is the third chapter, I hope you enjoy! And I'm open to getting feedback from anyone reading this story

Contains mentions of abortion

Nancy awoke with sudden, awful wave of nausea. She sat up in her bed, covering her mouth just before she ran to the bathroom. It had been a year since she had slept with Jonathan Byers for the first time, almost a year since the second time, and since then they had been together. Nancy gasped as she tried to keep her vomit down, she remembered when she had practically forced Jonathan into the school's bathroom to kiss him in private, after a long, boring class that had her on edge from how much she had needed to feel Jonathan's kiss. She remembered a month ago, when they had parked Jonathan's car somewhere quiet in the middle of the night. She still had flashbacks of the upside down- as Mike had called it, but Jonathan was always there to comfort her. She lurched over the toilet just before her stomach exposed it's contents. The reminiscent memories of Jonathan's smile was clear in her mind, since she hadn't seen it in awhile, not since a few weeks ago, when her symptoms had first acted up.

Nancy thought about Jonathan Byers as she covered her face with her hands. She felt her tears fall, just before she clutched her hands on the toilet seat. She hadn't even spoken to him much over the weekend, and avoided his gaze during class. She missed him. Nancy swallowed hard as she heard footsteps run towards the bathroom. She had tried to kick the door shut, but her mother had been quicker.

Nancy frowned as she saw her mother stand in the doorway of the bathroom. The last thing she had wanted was her mother to see her like that. Especially when Nancy had already pieced together the cause of her sickness. When she first started feeling the constant waves of nausea, she thought it was just food poisoning. Then the symptoms changed, and lasted much longer than it would have if it was anything else. Food poisoning doesn't last for longer than two weeks, and food poisoning doesn't cause someone to miss their period. She had thought she had been careful. Karen held Nancy's hair as she rubbed soothing circles on her back. Nancy had felt tired and sick for almost the entire month, usually she was able to control it, yet today it had been worse. The waves of nausea had yet to subside, she violently dry heaved over the toilet, causing her mother to worry.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" She asked kindly, Nancy shrugged as she flushed the toilet, trying her best to calm her own thoughts and worries.

"Nothing," she spoke back.

"Honey, you can talk to me, do you need medicine?" She asked, Nancy shook her head. Nothing was going to help her now. She let out a heavy breath.

"I just want to lay down," Nancy said as she stood up. Her mother nodded understandingly.

"You can stay home from school, if you'd like." She offered, Nancy shook her head.

"I'll be fine," she said.

"You sure? I'm going to be busy all day so if you get sick at school I won't be able to pick you up," Her mother said.

"I'll stay home then," she decided.

"Alright, there's nausea medicine in the cupboard and if you want to go to the doctor I'll take you." Her mother said.



"It's fine, it's probably just a stomach flu or something." She reasoned. Karen nodded, though a part of her was still worried about her daughter.

"Okay, well I can make you soup for breakfast if you'd like," Nancy gave her mother a smile but shook her head.

"I'm not really hungry, but do we have nutty bars?" Nancy asked, her stomach growled as she thought of them.

"I'm not sure, I can go check." She offered.

"Thank you," Nancy said just as her mother patted her shoulder before she left the bathroom.

Nancy closed the bathroom door and locked it just before she brushed her teeth thoroughly. She looked through the medicine cabinet in the bathroom, she knew what she was looking for, she just didn't quite remember where she had hidden it. She found antacids, probably for her father, and various children's medications, for Holly. She frowned as she looked towards the ground, her shoulders slumped as she placed her hands on the counter. Nancy had just about given up just before she saw the babylock on the cabinet underneath the sink. Quickly, she opened it, she rummaged through the various cleaning supplies before she found an opened packaging bag of feminine products that was hidden in the deepest part of the cabinet. It place the only place she had known her father and Mike would never look, and her mother- if she had found it, she kept quiet about it to Nancy, which she had deemed to be perfectly okay.

She hurriedly removed half of the pads, revealing a box of pregnancy tests. She had bought it when she was with Steve, after a period that had been late and she had been worried out of her mind. She never had the nerve to open it, but now, she was beyond worried. She bit her fingernail as she opened it, taking out the test, she hyperventilated as she read the instructions on how to use it. She carefully stood, unsure of how she would respond if the answer was anything but negative. She had hoped- wished that it would be strictly negative. Yet, there wasn't a shadow of a doubt that she was-

dare she even admit it, even in her own thoughts? She knitted her eyebrows together as she seated herself on the toilet and waited. Nancy stood up, flushed the toilet once again and washed her hands. She put the test in her pants pocket and held the box. She ran into her mother in the hall, whom had a box of her chosen snack in tow. Nancy placed the box behind her back carefully so her mother wouldn't see it.

"Oh, perfect. Thanks," Nancy said as she took the box of snacks from her mother.

"You're welcome," her mother replied.

Nancy went back to her room then, she opened the box of nutty bars and pulled out a package of them just before breaking one in half and shoving it in her mouth. She closed her eyes at the sweet taste, it was beyond anything she had ever eaten before, how was it that she never noticed how good they were before? She almost moaned as she ate the other half. The chocolate had instantly wiped away any nausea she had felt prior, it wasn't until she was done with her second package that she remembered her test. She quickly took it out from her pocket and looked at it, the answer was dim, she could barely make it out, but it had appeared to be two separate lines. She froze. Her instincts had went to call for her mother and cry, she had just started her last year of highschool! She still had her scholarships-she knew they'd decline her once they found out. The remainder of her teen years would be taken from her, she would be raising a kid before she was even twenty!

It wasn't long before she had started crying, she caught her tears with the palms of her hands just as her cries turned into sobs. She didn't have a job or any source of personal income. She still lived at home, as did the majority of people her age, yet none of them weren't about to have a child. She cried harder as she thought of her life in the next five years, it had changed dramatically in that moment then when she had thought about her five year plan just a week ago. She had wanted to graduate, go to college, get a job, buy a house, maybe even marry Jonathan Byers. None of that mattered now, not when she was about to have a child. She would have to skip past the steps she had planned for herself and go straight to motherhood, something she

knew she wasn't prepared for.

It wasn't until she had heard her mother open the door that she was back into reality. She was pulled from her worried thoughts about the future as her mother pulled her into a tight hug. She didn't ask what was wrong, she had already seen the box of pregnancy tests on her bed when she had first walked in. Upon closer inspection, she had found a used test laying in front of Nancy, Karen instantly read it. She knew then why Nancy had been so upset for the past few days, and why she was panicking now. Karen was a bit angry with Nancy, had she not been careful? She sighed as she deemed it best to not yell at or question her daughter while she was in such a fragile state. Besides, she was more worried about Nancy beyond all else. First, she had wanted to figure out how to help Nancy, know who Nancy was sleeping with, and then help her decide on her future plans. She would make sure Nancy was going to be on the right path from that moment on. She rubbed her daughter's back soothingly as she shushed her and told her that everything was going to be alright. Even though she herself was unable to know for sure. She doubted Nancy had wanted her future to be like hers, she knew Nancy wanted more than staying in Hawkins for the rest of her life, yet she wasn't sure how to help Nancy get beyond Hawkins. Especially not when she was pregnant, Karen gave a heavy breath.

"It's going to be alright Nancy," Karen said with a soft smile.

"It's not going to be alright, mom." Nancy spoke through tears.

"We'll figure this out together, we'll handle it." Her mother spoke kindly.

"I'm not going to go to college-" Nancy cried, all of her hard work, her good grades, even her extra curricular activities weren't going to get her to a good school anymore.

"You will," her mother replied.

"How can you know that? What college would accept me now?" She asked heartbrokenly.

"A good one," Her mother replied.

"Yeah," Nancy said sarcastically.

"A good one wouldn't even bother opening my letter," she replied.

"Don't think like that, Nancy, we can go to your school and ask for a college willing to-" her mother began, Nancy shook her head.

"We can't-" she muttered, she cleared her throat just before she spoke again.

"We can't do that." She finished.

"Why not?" her mother asked, Nancy hadn't wanted to answer, yet she knew it would only lead to more suspicion if she didn't.

"I can't have people in my school find out about this, word will spread and then everyone will know- I- I don't want him to know." She said as she sobbed.

"Don't want who to know?" Her mother asked, Nancy froze, she couldn't believe she had let that slip.

"Is it Steve... Steve Harrington?" her mother asked, Nancy scoffed.

"Absolutely not." She said back.

"Then who? Jonathan Byers? You spend time with him a lot, and if you just told me I wouldn't have to ask." Her mother replied. Nancy gulped at the mention of him. She really didn't want her mother to know about him. Nancy loved Jonathan, she loved him with her entire being.

"I love him mom, I-I don't want him to have his life ruined by this, he got accepted to NYU and he's special to me, he can't know. He'll throw it all away and work until he can get a house at the end of the cul-de-sac. It's not the future he wanted, we were gonna travel through America and he'd take photos of all the landmarks- I ruined everything." She said frantically.

"Cul-de-sac? Traveling? What in the world are you talking about, Nancy?" Her mother asked worriedly.

"Jonathan Byers, mom! He's gonna regret ever being with me if he finds out, he can't find out- he- he can't." Nancy cried.

"If he regrets being with you because of this, Nancy, he isn't worth it, sweetie. You say you love him and I believe you, but just make smart decisions from now on. Okay?" Her mother asked, Nancy nodded.

"Good, and Nancy, this isn't something you can bottle up and hide. He has a right to know, he's just as responsible for this as you are." Her mother said back.

Nancy nodded in agreement. Still, she had no idea how or when she was going to tell him. She wasn't even sure she would be capable of it. She tried her best to even her breathing as she thought up a way to tell him. She'd tell him in person, when they were in private. Nancy hoped he wouldn't get upset, but she wouldn't blame him if he did. After all, this just might ruin both their lives. Jonathan had wanted more for his life than children, that much was clear. He was going to move to New York to study at NYU, which had been his lifelong dream. They had plans for the future, having kids was the last thing on their list. She didn't think she was capable of being a mother, not so early on in her life. Her mother pulled her into a loving embrace before she had decided to leave her daughter alone, which wasn't something she felt great about, but she did have multiple things to get done. Nancy accepted her hug, giving her mother a tight squeeze before she felt good enough to be left alone.

"We have to tell your father, whenever you are ready." Karen said.

"I can't-" Nancy whimpered, Karen sighed as she lightly tapped on the doorframe.

"Do you think you can manage to tell him tomorrow then? Today you should just rest and think about maybe getting an-" Karen hadn't wanted to voice the word, Nancy shook her head.

"An abortion? How- how could you even-" Nancy asked as she balled her fists. Nancy did not want to ever get an abortion. She closed her eyes tightly as she thought about it. About never telling Jonathan, getting the abortion and hiding it forever. It wasn't what she wanted. A part of her wanted him to know, she wanted his opinion. Karen gave her daughter one last sad smile before she left. Nancy spent the first few moments of being completely alone crying.

## 4. Chapter 4

Nancy skipped breakfast. She hadn't wanted to face her family members, or stand pretending to ignore her mother's worried glances. Nancy had wanted to be alone anyway, she could clear her mind easier when she was alone. She had heard her father leave to work, he said a quick goodbye to her mother just seconds before her mother took Holly to school. Mike had been the last one to leave, she heard the front door open just before he slammed it shut. Once she was the only one home, she had decided to take her snacks and a blanket downstairs to watch TV and hopefully take her mind off her problem for the meantime. She just wanted to relax. She brought a box of tissues with her as she sat on her father's recliner, covering herself with her blanket as she paid little to no attention to the cartoon that was playing. Nancy sighed as she opened another package of nutty bars, uncaring of what her family would think of her if she ate the entire box herself.

It would most likely end up being the only thing she would eat the entire day, anyway. Unless her mother made her favorite dinner, which she doubted. Nancy watched the commercials through tears, she wiped under her eyes just as more streamed down. She took a few deep breaths as her eyelids grew heavier each second. She yawned as she leaned back into the chair, fluttering her eyes closed as she once again thought about the smoothness of Jonathan's freckled back. Nancy jumped, the obnoxiously loud ring of the phone had startled her immensely. She quickly wiped away another fallen tear as she stood up and slowly made her way to the phone. Her hand shook as she placed her hand on the cool plastic, she hadn't wanted to answer it, she didn't want to speak to anyone. She took a deep breath before she picked it up.

"H-hello?" She asked, her voice trembled slightly. She closed her eyes as she tried to steady her voice.

"Nancy?" She gasped as she put a hand to her forehead. It was Jonathan, did he know? Had her mother told him? Nancy fought back the urge to cry as her eyes began to sting and redden with unshed tears.

“Are you okay? Why aren't you at school?” He asked worriedly, she took a deep breath to steady her speech.

“I-” she began, just as she moved her hand to wipe away a fallen tear. Her mind had then gone to the softness of his lips pressed so heavenly against hers.

“You're crying, Nance. What's wrong?” He asked concerned. Nancy breathed heavily as she thought of a response. Her roughly rubbed her forehead as she closed her eyes tightly. She couldn't lie to him, but if she spoke to him any longer she might definitely tell him.

“I'm just not feeling good,” She said in response, which wasn't exactly a lie.

“Want me to come over?” He asked kindly, she could hear his worry in his tone.

“No-” she replied, all too quickly, “I'm really sick right now and I don't want you to catch anything if its contagious.” She falsely explained.

“Are you sure? I could bring you something, a movie maybe-” he tried.

“I'm fine, really. I love you.” She said, in a hurry to hang up the phone. If she spoke to him any longer, she'd be a sobbing mess and tell him. Which would only result in him driving to her house in a panic or he would break up with her over the phone. So Jonathan would just have to believe that she was sick. It was better that way.

“I love you too, Nancy-” He spoke, just as she hung up the phone.

Nancy leaned against the wall, she covered her face with her hands as she cried. She loved him for worrying about her, he just couldn't know the truth, he just couldn't. It would destroy everything she had with him, it would ruin their relationship. She used her sleeve to wipe away her many fallen tears. She swallowed hard as she decided to slowly make her way back to the recliner. Her tears seemed to be



an endless stream down her face and for once she was glad she hadn't had the energy to put on makeup that morning. She would be a mess. Nancy sat down and curled herself into a ball, it was something she had done to console herself when she was younger. She closed her eyes as if to keep her tears from falling.

The last thing she had wanted was to cry, she hadn't ever been someone to enjoy having strong emotions. Especially when it had caused her to cry. She blinked slowly, her eyelids growing heavy as she lightly rubbed her face into the blanket, almost like a cat. She thought once more about Jonathan. She thought about when he would start college then meet some girl and leave her behind. Nancy couldn't stop herself from thinking of the absolute worst outcome. She would work in a diner as a waitress part-time while she also worked as a cashier. She would be in a constant struggle to afford a two bedroom apartment, where she'd be raising her only child mostly by herself unless her mother would offer her help. It was a future she hadn't ever pictured for herself, but that's where most people in her situation ended up. Where she would eventually end up. She cried harder just before she fell asleep.

She awoke to a sudden, urgent sounding knock on the front door. She opened her eyes as she looked around her room. She wasn't in her bedroom, which was where she had thought she was. For a minute, she had momentarily forgotten which room she was in. Nancy sat up as she looked towards the empty wrappers and box that were all scattered messily around her. With a small sense of dread, she let out a small yawn before she remembered she was alone and yawned again, rather loudly. Someone knocked on the door again. She stood as she rubbed her eyes, slowly, she began to walk. She let out a tired sigh as she opened the door. The sunlight momentarily blinded her, she blinked twice before she noticed who was standing in the doorway. Once she fully comprehended who it was, Nancy felt a new wave of sadness and guilt wash over her. She hadn't wanted to see him. She hadn't wanted him to see her in such a broken, fragile state.

"Jonathan, I-i told you I was fine." She said with forced anger, her voice quivered, which had just seemed to show him that she wasn't really angry, just upset. It was obvious to him that she had been crying, her eyes had been red and swollen, her voice sounded rough,

and her cheeks were stained with tears. It broke his heart seeing her like that, and it made him feel worse that she hadn't wanted him to know the reason. He wanted her to be able to tell him everything. Maybe she didn't trust him, or maybe she no longer wanted to be with him. He didn't want to think that way, but he was a realist. He would try to help her, even if she didn't want him, he would be there for her.

"Yeah, well you didn't sound fine on the phone." He said back as he handed her a plastic bag that was filled with goodies.

"What?" Nancy asked as she took it, she looked at him questioningly, he responded with a slight shrug.

"How are you feeling?" He asked as he awkwardly placed a hand on her forehead. He noticed she had a slight fever. She blushed at his touch, her thoughts had then went to how much she wanted to feel his hands on other parts of her body. Shd missed his touch.

"I'm fine," She replied back as she put the bag of assorted cold medicine, chocolates, and comedic movie on the coffee table.

"Nancy, I love you, but I can tell when you're lying, and you're lying." He said back. She sighed as she looked away from him.

"I'm going to take a shower," Nancy said as she walked past him and began to go up the staircase, Jonathan sighed as he watched her enter the bathroom.

He decided grab the bag of stuff he had thought might help her as he walked up the stairs as well. He hesitated before he went into her bedroom. He decided to place the bag on her nightstand as he looked around her room, he eyed the various pictures of her and Barb just before he looked at the mess of assorted wrappers and boxes on her bed. He raised an eyebrow as he noticed an opened box of pregnancy tests. With shaking hands, he lifted up the box just as his eyes met an very obviously used, positively marked one. He decided to double check it, just in case. He read on the box how to use and read the test, which wasn't something he ever thought he would be doing, ever. Especially when he was still a teenager, still in highschool.

Though, it had been his final year and he had knowledge of how to care for children. It wouldn't be difficult to get a full time job and be a father. He slumped his shoulders slightly, giving a small breath as he looked at the used test once again. There was no mistaking it. He knew in that very instant why Nancy had been acting so upset. He hadn't wanted to believe it at first, or at all even. Yet, it was right there, so plain and obvious in his face he couldn't deny the fact. He wouldn't either, for Nancy's sake he would be there. He wanted to be there and support her, wasn't that what love was anyway? Jonathan was going to be a father. He swallowed hard just as Nancy entered her bedroom in only a towel. She froze as she saw the box in Jonathan's hand. So, he knew then.

"I-" he stuttered, unsure of how to properly phrase what he had seen. Nancy took a step backwards, she breathed heavily and blinked hard a few times in a futile attempt to keep herself from crying.

"Nancy, are you-" he had started to ask, only for her to break down in tears. Nancy sobbed as Jonathan walked to her and gently placed his arms around her.

"I love you Nance, we'll figure this out together." He muttered as he held her. Nancy nodded as she hugged him back.

"I didn't want you to know-" She whispered.

"Is this why you've been avoiding me?" He asked, she slowly nodded.

"How long have you known?" He asked, she swallowed hard.

"A- a few weeks now. The test had only confirmed my suspicion." She muttered back.

"You don't have to be alone through this, Nancy. I'm here and I'll always be here. I'll help you through this, Nance, I love you." He said calmly.

"Y-you want to go to NYU and- and I can't-" she cried.

"Screw NYU, I'm not going anywhere unless I'm going with you." He said back.

"Do you know what you want to do?" He asked, Nancy met his eyes and raised an eyebrow at him. What she wanted to do? Wasn't there only one thing to do? She was going to have it, she was going to have the kid and raise it in a house at the end of the cul-de-sac which was something neither of them wanted. She nodded slowly as she took a slow breath.

"I'm eighteen and going to be a mom, neither of us are ready- I don't want you to feel trapped-" She began, Jonathan shook his head.

"I don't feel trapped. This is something we did together, it's my responsibility too. I've saved up some money- Let's finish highschool and then we can plan out our future completely. There's only a few months left of the year anyway." He spoke reassuringly.

"You're the most understanding person I've ever met, Jonathan. I love you so much," Nancy said, she placed a small kiss on his cheek, he smiled.

"Do your parents know?" He asked cautiously, Nancy nodded.

"Only my mom," she replied.

"We should tell your dad too, and my mom, whenever you're up to it." He said.

"Yeah, no- I know," she said.

"I just don't want everyone to know." Nancy said.

"Then it'll be a secret until we graduate, we can hide it until then." He agreed. She smiled at him as she took his hand. He kissed her head. He knew in that moment, with his arms wrapped around her, that she was the person he wanted to marry. Maybe when they move to New York, he'd ask her. Or maybe even before then.

## 5. Chapter 5

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Karen Wheeler had decided to go home in between errands to check in on Nancy, her smile faltered as she recognised Jonathan Byers car parked in the driveway. Quickly, Karen had gotten the bags of groceries as she opened the front door. She placed the bags on the kitchen counter as she entered the livingroom. There was evidence that Nancy had been down there, the discarded wrappers and empty box of nutty bars had irritated her. Hadn't Nancy learned how to pick up after herself? How old was she again? Karen decided to clean it later as she ran up the stairs, she huffed as she noticed that Nancy's bedroom door had been closed. Karen put her hand on the doorknob and turned it, sighing as she found it to be locked, teenagers. She thought, just as she knocked obscenely loudly.

Nancy was not allowed to have a boy in her room, under any circumstance. She sighed as Nancy blatantly refused to answer. Karen looked at the door carefully for a moment, before she quickly took a bobby pin from her hair and unlocked the door herself. She prepared herself to witness a number of unpleasant things her daughter would most likely be in the middle of. She bit her lip as she slowly opened the door, just in case they'd want to at least make themselves decent before she came in. She gasped as she saw Nancy and Jonathan asleep on the bed, his arms wrapped carefully around her daughter. Both of them appeared to be clothed, thankfully.

Karen cleared her throat loudly, waking up Jonathan, whom had sat up immediately. He was shirtless. Karen fumed. He gently woke up Nancy, whom had obviously been crying. Karen turned to her now wide awake daughter.

"What's the main rule in this house?" Karen asked suddenly, Nancy shrugged before she replied.

"No boys in-" She began, only to be cut off by her mother.

"No boys in your room." Karen finished for her.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Wheeler-" Jonathan began as he quickly stood up, Karen stopped him from leaving the room.

"If this is going to be a recurring problem, then you can't have a lock on your door Nancy." Karen said back, which was reasonable to her.

"That's complete bullshit! I'm eighteen I need privacy!" Nancy yelled back.

"Language, Nancy. And do not speak to me like that I am your mother. And Jonathan I'm calling your mom." She said, earning a glare from her daughter.

"You do not need to do that, nothing happened!" Nancy said as she jumped out of the bed and chased after her mother.

"So this is the first time he's been in your room?" Karen asked back, Nancy opened her mouth to say something, only to find herself unable to form an answer. Her mother shook her head, already knowing the truth anyway.

"Your father is going to hear about this." Karen said, Nancy groaned.

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Jonathan and Nancy sat on the couch together and Nancy's parents and Jonathan's mother scolded the young couple.

"Karen, they were in her room, so what? Kids will be kids, what were we doing at their age?" Ted asked his wife.

"That's not good enough Ted, we have strict rules in this house and if Nancy can't follow them she should be grounded or-" Karen began. Joyce shook her head as Jonathan stood up, Nancy held onto his hand briefly, before letting him go.

"Mom, Mr and Mrs. Wheeler, don't blame this all on Nancy. When she didn't show up in class I got worried and called her, then she told me she was sick so I drove here to check on her. If anyone should be

blamed for this it should be me. Nancy didn't want me to come over but I did anyway." Jonathan said, Ted turned to the young man with annoyance in his features.

"See? We can't just punish Nancy when this kid is to blame." Ted began, only for Nancy to stand up, Jonathan turned to her and wordlessly asked what she was doing, Nancy didn't reply.

"I'm pregnant, okay?" She announced, which had seemed to quiet down the argumentative, worried parents. Ted seemed to be frozen in shock, Joyce clutched at her chest as she breathed heavily, Karen was unaffected, since she had already known this prior to their conversation of how to deal with the rowdy teenagers. Then, Ted had laughed obnoxiously loud. Almost as if Nancy had just told the funniest joke he had ever heard.

"Nancy-" Jonathan began, just as Karen stepped to her daughter.

"She's being serious, Ted." Karen spoke, Ted glared at Jonathan. Who was this... this deviant anyway? What had happened to that Harrington boy? Didn't he teach Nancy any better than to run around with some punk? Ted silently fumed. He blamed Karen, he blamed Joyce, and he hated the older Byers boy.

"Karen, you knew about this?" Ted asked, Karen turned to face her husband.

"Joyce, I'm sorry you had to find out like this, and of course I knew Ted." She said back.

"Jonathan-" Joyce began, she looked towards Nancy, then towards Karen.

"When- when did you find out?" Joyce asked Karen, whom shrugged.

"This morning it was confirmed." She replied.

"You knew our daughter was pregnant all day and didn't tell me?" Ted almost yelled.

"If Nancy wanted you to know earlier she would have told you herself!" Karen said back.

"What are you two- what are you gonna do?" Joyce asked carefully, Nancy looked towards the ground as Jonathan took her hand.

"Nancy, do you wanna tell them?" He asked. Nancy looked up, the three adults were waiting silently for Nancy's answer.

"Well I- I was thinking about getting a job, part time. Until we both have enough money to afford an apartment in New York, where Jonathan can go to college." Nancy said.

"And what about the future you had planned? Are you going to throw your education out the window to follow some- some boy?" Her father asked a bit harshly. Karen glared at him.

"Some boy? That's my son." Joyce instantly defended.

"Well your son knocked up my girl and ruined her future!" Ted yelled back.

"It's not just Nancy that will be going through this, Ted. Jonathan gave his word that he would be there for her, and he will be." Joyce said back.

"Gave his word? He's a teenage boy, you cant rely on-" Ted began, just as Karen yelled.

"Ted!" Karen cut in.

"I'm sorry Joyce, Jonathan. Ted can be thoughtless at times." Karen said apologetically.

"It's fine, Karen." Joyce said just as she turned to her son.

"Jonathan, I told you to be careful I always warned you about this and now look. This isn't something that's going to be easy, parenthood is a full time job and as much as I love you both, I don't think you two are ready for it." Joyce said with a frown.



"I know we aren't ready, mom, but I do love Nancy and I know we can do this as long as we are together." Jonathan spoke as he turned to Nancy, she blushed lightly as she nodded.

"Look, boy. The reality of the matter is that you're too young. Both of you. Now don't be dumb Nancy and get a damned abortion so we can forget about this whole thing and word won't spread." Ted spoke sternly. Karen gave him a look that caused him to gulp, just before she stepped on his foot. He yelped. Nancy looked away from Jonathan as she tried to hold back tears. Was their plan stupid? She just wanted to be with Jonathan, despite what her father said.

"How old was I when we had Nancy, Ted? These kids made a mistake, and just like us they're taking responsibility for it." She said.

"Now don't yell at our pregnant daughter and show some god damned compassion for these kids!" Karen finished. She turned to Nancy and gave her a hug.

"Whatever you choose, I'll support you sweetie." She said.

"Are you both sure this is something you want to do?" Joyce asked. Jonathan took Nancy's hand slowly, Nancy tightened her hand on his as they both nodded.

"I'm sure-" Nancy began, just as the five of them jumped as the front door opened.

"The campaign is going to be super-" Mike had begun, just as his friends walked into the house behind him. He was soon followed by Will, Jane, Dustin, Lucas, and Max, whom had held a steady grip on Lucas's hand. Will looked up at Jonathan with slight surprise just as Nancy dropped his hand as the kids entered the room. Jane stood very close and slightly behind Mike. Their intertwined hands inseparable, their young love was adorable, and it had connected the Byers/Hopper family to the Wheelers even more.

"Nancy and Jonathan were just holding hands! Mike and Will, looks like you're gonna be brother in laws." Dustin said with a smile. His curly hair was slicked back like it had been on the night of the snowball, a small reminder of Steve, whom had left her thoughts as

soon as he'd entered them. Dustin smiled at her, she gave him a small grin.

"You forget they already would be with El as Will's new step sister. Mike and El in love," Lucas chimed in.

"Young love, isn't it beautiful?" Max asked with a teasing tone. Mike and Jane returned matching embarrassed expressions as Nancy looked away from Jonathan.

"Mom? Jonathan, what are you guys doing here?" Will asked.

"We were just having a discussion, Will." Joyce answered as she walked to her son and planted a kiss on his head. Jane had then loosened her hold on Mike, whom had planted a small kiss to her forehead before he had allowed himself to let her go. Jane gave Joyce a quick hug before she kindly smiled at Jonathan, her older step brother, whom had been even more protective of her than even Chief Jim Hopper, her father.

"Why don't you boys go downstairs and take Holly with you?" Karen asked. Mike rolled his eyes as he turned to his little sister, whom had gotten back from kindergarten.

"Alright, fine." Mike said as he lead his friends into the basement.

"And keep it PG down there Mike!" Karen said just as the basement door was closed.

"Joyce, why don't you stay for dinner? I'm making spaghetti," Karen invited.

"Besides, if we're going to be family we should at least have dinners together sometimes." Karen said with a kind smile. Joyce nodded.

"Alright, let me call Hop and I'll see if he wants to come over too." Joyce said. Nancy turned to Jonathan.

"What's it like to have the sheriff as a step-father?" She asked, Jonathan shrugged.

"He's better to Will than my actual dad, and he's good to my mom.

Jane and Will also seem to get along great, and I'm pretty sure my mom likes having another girl around." Jonathan replied with a kind smile. Nancy smiled back as she placed a soft kiss to his cheek. The pair separated just as someone had opened the front door.

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Everyone in the room had turned to face whomever had intruded on their conversation. Steve Harrington came in with a plastic grocery bag in tow, a small smile on his face, which had faltered slightly as he saw Nancy's hand intertwined with Jonathan's. Steve pulled his eyes away from her as she choked back a small breath. He turned to Karen and Joyce.

"Where's the game? Can't have those little shits starve for ten hours again." He said.

"Oh, that's very kind of you, Steve. They're downstairs in the basement." Karen said with a kind smile as he pointed him in the direction of the basement door. Steve nodded as he walked off, flashing Jonathan an awkward smile before he descended into the basement.

Mike had perfectly set up the new campaign along with the help from his friends, Jane sat right next to him, like always. She held his hand under the table as Mike announced the beginning of the campaign. Jane was more distracted with Nancy as the game began to begin. She had only snapped out of her thoughts just as Dustin had rolled the dice.

"It's a six!" Dustin shouted loudly as he looked towards Mike.

"Six, as you lead the group into the snowy forest, you hear a low, hungry growl. You pick up the amulet just as something jumps out at you with a loud snarl that shakes the trees around it. You have fallen directly into the path of an undead ice wolf. The group falls behind you. The only way to get past it is if someone is fast enough to run around it and causes a distraction allowing will the wise to hit it with fire balls so the group can progress. Zoomer, it's your turn." Mike said. As lucas placed a kiss to her cheek. Max blushed as she elbowed

him in the side.

“Stop it, I’m trying to focus on your dorky game.” She said back as she watched Mike place a small metallic figurine on the table.

“Max, your go. If you roll under ten the ice wolf gets you with a direct hit. If you roll over ten, you zoom past it and continue on with the campaign. Roll.” Mike instructed, Max grabbed the dice and shook it. She offered it to Lucas, and smiled as she asked him to blow on it, for good luck. Lucas smiled as he did so, earning a small peck just as Max rolled. It was a fifteen. The group cheered.

“Max the Zoomer swiftly runs past the creature and creates a distraction allowing Will the wise to shoot fireballs at it. Will, the strength of the hit depends on your roll. It’s your turn.” Mike said. Will nodded as he grabbed the dice, he gave the dice a strong shake before dropping them across the table. He got eleven. Mike smiled as he knocked over the small metallic wolf piece.

“The single hit knocks out the undead ice wolf. We continue.” He said victoriously.

“With all the serious shit we’ve been through, you all still play this game? Its nothing compared to what we’ve dealt with.” Max said.

“Those were all real, this is for fun. That was life or death, this is entertainment. We won’t die from rolling dice. And it’s not just a game.” Dustin said.

“Right.” She said as she rolled her eyes.

“Nancy,” Jane whispered. Mike raised an eyebrow as he turned to Jane, whom had let go of his hand as she looked towards him.

“What?” He asked, Jane shook her head as she closed her eyes.

“Nancy is-” She began, just as the basement door opened.

## 6. Chapter 6

"Hey, look who decided to join the party!" Dustin shouted happily as he watched Steve walk down the staircase.

"Hey shitheads. Did somebody die? Why're all your parents upset?" He asked jokingly. Mike and Will both shrugged.

"They were like that when we got here too, maybe they caught Nancy and Jonathan together." Will said with a slight grimace at the thought.

"Who invited Steve?" Mike asked as he looked accusingly at Dustin.

"I did, but we all agreed he could bring the snacks." Dustin said as Will, Lucas, and Max nodded in agreement.

"And where was I when you made this decision?" Mike asked, Dustin shrugged.

"Its a democracy, majority rules and you were making out with Eleven, probably." Dustin said as Steve grabbed a nearby magazine.

"Keep it appropriate, kids." He said as he looked around the table at each of the kids, pointing the magazine threatening at each of them.

"I thought we agreed on calling her Jane, what do you prefer dude?" Steve asked as he turned to her, she shrugged.

"I don't mind," Jane spoke softly as she slightly frowned. She had to tell them, it wasn't something she could keep to herself, and Nancy was important to all of them.

"Nancy is-" Jane began, just as Steve placed a grocery bag filled with snacks on the table in the middle of the game board. Dustin smiled widely as he eyed the snacks, Steve winked at him.

"Dude!" Mike said as he stood and lifted the bag.

"You can't just put food in the middle of our campaign." Mike said as he placed the snacks on the table above the fort where Holly was

currently residing in.

"Well, any room for one more?" Steve asked as he pulled up a chair beside Dustin.

"Yeah, 'course." Dustin said. Mike pinched the bridge of his nose.

"You can't join mid game." He said. Dustin shook his head just as the lights blinked. Jane held her eyes tightly closes just as the group looked around the room. It had given them all flashbacks of the years prior.

"You guys need to change the lights, have any spare bulbs?" Steve asked, Mike shook his head. "What? No." He said, as he tried to keep the game together.

"All votes for allowing Steve to join mid game, raise your hand." Dustin spoke as he raised his hand, he smiled widely as Steve also raised his hand, clearly another member added to the party. Max and Lucas also raised their hands, since he had practically saved them from the demo dogs, they had to show their loyalty. Jane hesitated, she knew Mike hadn't really liked him, but- Jane looked in the bag, he had bought pre-cooked eggos. She smiled apologetically towards Mike as she raised her hand.

"Looks like majority vote wins once again." Dustin said triumphantly just as he added a new piece onto the table.

"Not fair! Steve can't vote, he's not a member of the party!" Mike argued.

"He saved our asses when the demodogs attacked, and he almost died when fought Billy to protect us. He's in the party." Lucas said back, Mike sighed.

"It will mess with the flow of the campaign." He tried, Dustin shook his head.

"No it won't. Watch, when we can go past the abandoned cavern, instead of meeting an elder witch we meet a lone barbarian, aka Steve who needs us to find a gem that holds the souls of its victims that we store in his mallet. It's all here." Dustin said as he handed

Mike a piece of paper with all of the information of the new story line written in detail. Mike rolled his eyes as he added it to the story.

“Alright. Fine. Welcome to the party.” He said, just as Jane stood up, her nose was slightly bleeding. Mike jumped up as he noticed it.

“El, you okay?” He asked, she shook her head.

“I'm fine,” She whispered as she began walking towards the staircase. Mike gently grabbed her wrist.

“Is she okay? Should we get Hop?” Steve asked as he pulled a packet of tissue from his pocket.

“No, she does that when she uses her powers. It's wicked.” Lucas answered.

“She's using her powers? Why?” Max asked, Lucas shrugged.

“Don't know, could be anything.” He said.

“El, whats going on?” Mike asked, Jane shook her head as Steve stood and offered her a tissue. She took it with a small thank you.

“Its Nancy, Mike.” She began.

“Nancy? What's wrong with Nancy?” Mike asked, Steve raised an eyebrow at Jane. If something was wrong with Nancy, he'd want to know, to help. Even if they weren't together, he'd always care about her.

“Something is wrong with Nancy?” He asked.

“Not wrong,” Jane began.

“It's strange.” She explained.

“Strange how?” Mike prodded.

“She's- she's having a-” Jane began, just as they all heard obscenely loud crumpling coming from the back of the room. They all turned to see Dustin casually eating various snacks.

"What?" He asked as he returned to his seat quietly.

"El, what's going on with Nancy?" Mike asked with concern for his older sister. The entire group was paying attention at that point. All eyes were on Jane, which had made her a bit nervous.

"A baby." She whispered in a soft tone, just as her eyes met Steve's.

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"So, are you two getting married?" Jim Hopper asked, Joyce lightly hit him in the side with her elbow. He looked down at Joyce with a confused expression, it was just a question after all, he was curious about their plan for the future.

"Not when they're still in highschool, Hop." Joyce said back.

"I'm not saying when they're still in highschool, babe. They're gonna graduate in few months. I just want to know what their plan is so if it's stupid we can change it." He said back.

"We can't take control of their lives. They need to learn somehow." Joyce replied as she planted a small kiss to his lips.

"They're going to move to New York, whatever happens there is up to them. Nancy is a smart girl, she just made dumb decisions." Ted spoke. Karen glared at him.

"Jonathan is a sweetheart. I'm glad he's going to be a part of our family." Karen said with a smile.

"We shouldn't allow our children to date, this is what happens when we aren't strict." Ted spoke back. Karen rolled her eyes just before the basement door had opened, revealing Steve Harrington, whom had looked quite upset.

"Nance, are you pregnant?" He asked suddenly, Nancy raised an eyebrow. Had he heard them talking?

"Steve you can't just ask a girl if she's pregnant." Dustin said as he popped up from behind Steve, he gave Nancy a warm smile that she



had returned, causing him to blush slightly. Dustin looked towards the ground, avoiding Nancy's smile. He had been quiet about his crush on her, especially since it could ruin his friendship with Mike.

"Nancy, is it true? Are you-" Mike had asked as he followed behind Steve.

"I-" she began, Steve rolled his eyes as he turned away from her, it was very obvious that he was close to tears. Steve guessed that even though he broke up with her long ago, a part of him still believed he had a chance. Now that was gone. Jane had then appeared behind Mike, her eyes were red and she held a tissue to her nose that had already been stained with blood. Nancy pieced together that somehow Jane had known, maybe Jane used her powers, but why? Had she been the one to tell them? Nancy couldn't just blame a kid, it had to be something else, right? Nancy turned to Jonathan and buried her face in his jacket. He wrapped his arms around her, holding her tightly against him. Nancy breathed in deeply, taking in his earthy scent. She smiled against his chest.

"I didn't want them to know," she muttered against his chest.

"Alright, kids, please go back down stairs, we are having an adult conversation." Jim Hopper said.

"W-why wouldn't you-" Steve began, just as he was about to break, Dustin patted him on the shoulder as he began to lead him back down stairs.

"Come on, big guy, let's finish the campaign and then we can talk bullshit about women," Dustin said just as he looked at the multiple women in the room.

"No offense," He quickly added, Nancy watched as the group had descended back down stairs, the adults sighed in relief.

"Is Steve going to be a part of their group now?" Jonathan asked, Nancy shrugged.

"If he is, it means you no longer have to give the kids rides with your car." She said back. He planted a small kiss on her forehead, Ted

cleared his throat, announcing his presence in the room.

"I don't think your dad likes me," Jonathan whispered, Nancy shrugged.

"He doesn't like most things." She said back.

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"I can't believe she wouldn't want me to know- we've been through so much, I thought we could at least trust each other enough to talk about serious issues." Steve said as Dustin patted his shoulder condescendingly.

"Hey, it's gonna be alright man. You're Steve goddamned Harrington and any girl would want to be with you and trust you." Dustin assured.

"Just not Nancy," Dustin added, which had been true, Steve would have just rather he didn't voice the obvious.

"I wish I knew what Jonathan had that I didn't." Steve mumbled, mostly to himself. Dustin looked back towards the table. They had continued the campaign without them, not that Dustin cared much. Steve was there for him, so he'd return the favor, that, and Dustin knew Steve would cry if he was left alone. The big guy was a softie, though he didn't show it. Dustin was also cool for hanging out with Steve, and after the night of the snowball, Dustin was now popular.

"I don't know, Jonathan is weird." Dustin spoke with a shrug. Will perked up at that.

"That's my brother you're talking about." Will said.

"Yeah, and you're weird too, Will. We are all weird. That's beside the point." Dustin countered.

"Jonathan is just different, he doesn't care about social status or what other people think of him. He's himself and doesn't care if he fits in or not. Maybe that's why Nancy likes him, he's just Jonathan." Dustin said as he continued his attempt at helping Steve.

“Or maybe he's just better at kissing.” Max said jokingly.

“Gross.” Will replied, Lucas then turned to Mike, with a curious expression.

“Isn't it weird that your older siblings are like, gonna get married?” Lucas had asked. Will and Mike both shrugged.

“I prefer not to think about Nancy's love life.” Mike said.

“I think Nancy is the first girl Jonathan ever brought home,” Will said.

“Now can we go back to the campaign?” Mike asked the group. Lucas shrugged.

“What do you think they're going to name their first kid?” Max asked with a small, humorous smile.

“Nancy's gonna have a baby?” Holly asked as she jumped up.

“Holly go back to playing barbies.” Mike instructed. Holly huffed as she crossed her arms.

“Only if you play too, Mikey.” She said back, sporting a smile as she walked towards him.

“Please.” She begged, Mike rolled his eyes at her sister.

“I'm in the middle of a campaign that's never going to be finished if you guys don't focus.” Mike said back as he looked towards the group of friends.

“Hey, I'm trying here. Blame those two.” Max said as she pointed towards Lucas and Will. Mike turned to Jane, whom had been sitting there quietly throughout the entirety of half the campaign.

“El, could you distract Holly?” Mike asked, Jane nodded as she stood and turned to one of the boxes filled with Holly's toys. Jane had then made one of the barbie cars levitate, Holly watched in awe as she reached for the plastic pink car. As he noticed the drop of blood, Steve offered Jane another tissue. She took it with a small smile.

"Thank you, Steve." She said.

"Okay, now where were we?" Mike asked as he began to read the next chapter of their game.

"As you enter the cave, you hear-" Mike said, just as Lucas and Max began to kiss.

"Come on guys, PG, don't make me get out the squirt gun." Steve said as he began to reach for the water gun he had kept in his jacket pocket. He kept it around when he spent time with the kids just in case they had seemingly forgotten the PDA rule. Steve would squirt them with water whenever they got too close. Kids these days, he'd told himself as he watched the young teens fret over being shot with a little bit of water. They were like cats, it was amusing. Steve had then thought that perhaps it was something he should have done with Nancy and Jonathan as well, he held back a small chuckle at that thought. Max flipped him off as she continued to press her lips against Lucas's. Steve sighed as he raised the water gun, he aimed it at her just before he shot the water.

"Hey! You asshole-" Max shouted as she turned to Steve. Lucas had then flipped him off as well, which meant it was a job well done.

"Don't make me get you, too." He said as he lowered the gun. Someone had to keep these kids in line.

"Will, what's it like sharing a room with El?" Dustin had asked then, Steve gently hit him on the head with a folded magazine.

"Inappropriate," Steve scolded in a slightly bossy tone. Dustin had then turned to Mike with a slightly devious smile.

"They don't share a room," Mike said back, his annoyance growing.

"I wouldn't be too sure," Dustin said, Steve turned to him just as he squirted the kid with the gun.

"No. Bad." Steve reprimanded as he shot at Dustin twice. Dustin wiped the water off of his face before he wrestled the water gun out of Steve's hands, which had almost knocked them both to the ground. Dustin victoriously stood up with the water gun, a devious smile

appeared on his face as he aimed it a bit higher than at Steve's face.

"Don't you dare!" Steve shouted as he fell out of his chair, dodging the first shot of water. He raised his arms raised above his head in a futile attempt at protecting his luscious mane. Dustin had then repeatedly squirted him with water, causing the hair spray to dampen and his hair to flatten almost immediately. Steve had then sprinted towards the nearest mirror, ignoring the children's chuckles. He let out a small cry as ran his fingers through his ruined hair, trying to make it regain it's styled shape he had spent so long perfecting. Once he gsve up, he turned Dustin, whom had ceased his laughter and gulped.

"You're so dead! You shithead-" Steve shouted, just as the basement door once again opened. Karen Wheeler walked down the staircase, just as she heard the plastic car fall onto the ground. She was more concerned with they boys, Steve to be exact, with his foul language.

"Dinner is ready," Karen said as she raised an eyebrow at the boys.

"Try not to destroy the basement completely when you kill each other, okay?" She asked.

"I'll have it clean before ten, Mrs. Wheeler." Steve promised as he got himself off of the floor.

"Alright, well, time to eat." Karen spoke with a smile just before she disappeared back up the stairs.

## 7. Chapter 7

### Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: shameless smut

Nancy sat beside Jonathan, who sat across from Joyce, who was seated next to her husband, Jim Hopper. Steve and the kids were back in the basement, where they had decided to eat dinner and finish the campaign. Karen seemingly had needed a bigger dining room table to fit all of their new guests comfortably. Perhaps what she needed a cafeteria table. She almost laughed at the ludicrous thought, then reasoned with herself over how the idea might not be so crazy with their new company whom undoubtedly would be there quite often. Joyce and Hopper might not be a regular guest of theirs, but Jim's daughter and Max might be.

Steve was undecided in her book, since he had gone out with Nancy, it might get awkward, Karen reasoned. Either way, she would be busy cooking enough food to feed all of the teenagers. The grocery bill was going to be huge, Karen hoped Ted would be able to keep up with the cost. She glanced at her underwhelming husband. He had been fun back in the day, before he became a workaholic. He used to be romantic, too. She took a long sip of her wine. The beginning of dinner had been uncomfortably quiet, which Karen had thought needed to change. After all, they were all family now. They should be able to have an entertaining dinner with a meaningful conversation. Or maybe that was wishful thinking. Karen took another sip.

“So, Chief Hopper, anything new going on in Hawkins?” Karen asked with a smile.

“Not since that lab got shut down.” He responded quickly. Jonathan and Nancy exchanged a look, both of them concealed matching smirks.

“Jane seems like a good kid, she’s really close to Mike. How is she settling here?” Karen asked kindly. Jim wiped his face off with a napkin before he responded.

"She's doing fine here, she's a good kid." Jim said.

"Where was she from again?" Karen asked, Nancy raised an eyebrow as she looked towards Hopper. They had made up a lie to tell everyone out of the circle almost a year prior to Jane being introduced as Jim Hopper's adopted daughter, in case people got curious about her origins. Karen didn't know the truth, it was better that way. Neither of Nancy's parents did.

"Jane's from Pennsylvania." He answered.

"Right, I think I remember Mike telling me about that. This town needs good things like that. For a minute I thought this town wasn't as safe as it used to be." Karen said.

"You won't have to worry about that, not when I'm the chief of police." He said with a smile, Joyce kissed his cheek.

"You know, since highschool I've been waiting for you two to get together, it was only a matter of time and I'm glad you finally did." Karen added with a small, playful smile.

"I've been thinking the same," Jim said as he looked towards Joyce.

"I love you," Joyce muttered just before Hopper kissed her. Nancy patted Jonathan on the arm, signalling go time.

"I'm going to the bathroom, excuse me." Nancy muttered as she left the table. Jonathan waited a moment before he got up as well. The four adults raised their eyebrows as they awaited for his excuse.

"I'm going to check in on the kids, make sure they don't get into too much trouble." Jonathan lied quickly as he left.

"Should we stop them?" Joyce muttered, Karen shrugged.

"Were we any better at that age?" She asked back, Hopper chuckled at that, Joyce laughed lightly too.

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"Dinner was awkward." Nancy said as she took ahold of Jonathan's hand. They stood a few inches apart on the back porch watching the stars. Nancy leaned on the wooden railing as she looked towards the dark sky. The moonlight reflected off of her brown curls, her eyes sparked with deep yearning as she turned her head slightly to glance at him.

"I never want to see my mom kiss anyone ever again." Jonathan muttered back in a slightly humorous tone.

Nancy then turned to face him completely, and for a moment it had felt like they were the only two people on the planet. She gently grabbed his hands as she smiled brightly, her eyes flickered up to meet his. Jonathan was mesmerised by her ethereal beauty, words couldn't describe how perfect the moonlight had looked as it cascaded so enchantingly around her. Almost as if the moon itself was surrounding her in a calming embrace. Her bright blue eyes captured his, her essence had him completely captivated. How did such a remarkable person like Nancy Wheeler fall in love with a brooding loner such as himself? How had he gotten so lucky as to be able to call her his? For a moment, he was brought back to the night when they had first gotten together at Murray Bauman's home. Jonathan remembered how the moonlight shined in through the partially boarded window, this moment was a transfixing remake of that sensual experience. He remembered the smoothness of her warm skin, how the moonlight perfectly illuminated her pale body just as it had done in that moment, and how breathtaking she had looked surrounded by the dim light. With a slight blush, he remembered Nancy's breathless pants and moans he had silenced with a deep kiss. Nancy's sweet scent had then filled the air surrounding Jonathan, to which he had appreciated greatly.

"I love you," she whispered just as she leaned in to kiss him, it felt right, it felt natural, in that moment to announce her unconditional love for him. It wasn't forced, it was just how she felt. It was what she felt towards Jonathan Byers. She loved him with her entire being, a love that had felt stronger than any sort of love she had ever felt prior to meeting him. A love that had promised happiness, no matter what the future might bring, a love so pure she wouldn't keep him from finding any sort of happiness, even if it excluded her. Jonathan



met her lips eagerly, his lips danced rhythmically with hers as she wrapped her thin arms around his neck. She moaned slowly as she closed her eyes, allowing herself to solely rely on him as she began to open her mouth, tasting his soft tongue with her own. Her lips were soft, pressed against his, they always were. Everything about Nancy was perfect, every mole and freckle on her body, every hair out of place. He loved her. He was proud to admit that she had been the only person he had ever loved, she was hopefully the only person he would ever love.

She felt half the urge to take him upstairs and have him completely. His hands met her sides, he traced over her hips with his finger tips before he tightened his hold on her. He felt her chest pressed ever so teasingly against his, her warmth was intoxicating to him. Nancy pressed herself further into his embrace, as if she had seemingly forgotten they were outside and not somewhere private. He allowed the closeness between their bodies to continue, his hands lowered ever so slightly as he debated on whether or not to lift her up and have her wrap her legs gracefully around his waist. His more logical side had debated against that, as much as he loved the way it felt to have her legs wrapped around him, it was not a position he wanted to get caught in. Jonathan had then tried to push his arousing, lingering thoughts away as he had felt himself twitch to life beneath his jeans. With a dark blush, he was quick to loosen his hold on Nancy, unwanting of a very embarrassing predicament. Nancy continued to ravish him in kisses, her lips trailed small pecks down his chin and over his neck.

“Nancy-” Jonathan muttered, just as she stood on her tiptoes to kiss him once again.

“I want you, Jonathan Byers.” She said breathlessly, enchantingly, and Jonathan could only recuperate those exact emotions towards her. He had so desperately felt the need to give her what she wanted, to take her in his car and drive to somewhere quiet then ravish her body just the way she liked. He gently removed himself from her arms as he looked towards the patio door, no one was there, he just had to check.

“Are you sure?” He asked, Nancy almost jumped with excitement.

"Absolutely," she muttered. Jonathan grabbed her hand as he began to race towards his car. He was thankful that the adults had not blocked him in the driveway. He got in his car just as Nancy opened up the passenger door.

"where to?" He asked as he adjusted his seat belt.

"Anywhere." She replied.

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"Where are they?" Karen asked as she scrubbed the dishes, Joyce sighed heavily.

"They're teenagers, they will probably be back in an hour or so. Nancy and Jonathan are good kids, they'll stay out of trouble. For the most part." Joyce reasoned.

"She's pregnant!" Karen almost exploded just sad she dropped a plate in the soapy water.

"I told her to be careful, Joyce. My daughter is pregnant and in high school! Am I a failure as a mother?" Karen asked as she wiped away a tear. Joyce gave a heavy breath as she shook her head.

"No, you're not a failure-" Joyce began, Karen wiped her forehead, leaving a trail of dishwater in her hair as she did so.

"I know that something is up with the kids - with Nancy. I just wish I knew what so I could protect them, I can't protect my own children-" Karen cried, Joyce patted her shoulder.

"If anything Karen, I'm the one who's a terrible mother. My son is going to be a father and he's not even out of highschool yet! It's my fault, I put too much stress on Jonathan and pressured him to grow up faster than a normal kid his age, he's probably out there doing god knows what because I didn't let him be a kid. I lost Will for a week and had a funeral for him- I had a *funeral* for him, Karen, and, and he wasn't even gone and I knew, I *knew* he wasn't gone. I felt it in my heart and I thought I was crazy. Jonathan thought I was crazy, hell, everyone did. Then Will- I almost killed-" Joyce cried as she put away

the clean dishes.

"I let Nancy go to a party at Steve Harrington's house. It's my fault what happened to Barbara, if I told her no she wouldn't have gone and Barbara wouldn't have gone- I should be held accountable for that poor girl, not that damned electric facility!" Karen cried.

"No, no you shouldn't, you can't put that on yourself, Karen. But if I hadn't let Jonathan go out all those times we wouldn't even be here. If I had been there for both of my boys none of this would have happened." Joyce cried.

"I shouldn't have let Nancy go out either! I put too much trust in her!" Karen exclaimed.

"It's not your fault, they're kids. Even if you said no they would have snuck out." Jim said as he walked into the room.

"You don't know that, Hop." Joyce said as she wiped away a tear.

"What did you do when your parents said you couldn't go somewhere?" He asked back.

"That's different, Jonathan isn't like us." Joyce said.

"He's an honest, sweet boy-" She began, just as more tears filled welled up in her eyes.

"He just left-" She cried.

"With Nancy-" Karen added as she covered her face with her hands.

"I'm a failure as a mom!" Joyce shouted as Hopper wrapped his arms around her. He kissed Joyce's head as he slowly breathed in her sweet scented hair, which was probably from her shampoo, but Jim knew otherwise. Joyce always smelled wonderful, even when they were in high school, it was just how she was. Joyce was beautiful naturally. He had always believed that. Ted had then entered the room, he frowned as he saw Karen crying by the sink. Joyce was in Hopper's arms, she was crying too. Women. He thought as he slowly made his way to pay Karen on the shoulder. It was his attempt at consoling her. Karen would rather have him just leave.

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Jonathan took his time as he slowly removed Nancy's modest clothing. It wasn't that he had wanted to tease her, he just wanted to savour the sweet moment of Nancy undressing underneath him. She bit her lip as he helped her out of her button up shirt. His eyes casted down to her chest, the outline of her bra showed through the thin material of her white undershirt.

"I can't wait any longer," she muttered as she quickly removed the remainder of her shirt and everything that laid underneath. Jonathan kissed down her collarbone as he slowly began to unbutton her jeans, his lips met the soft skin between her breasts before he gently kissed one of her nipples. His eyes met hers and he waited for her to nod before he slowly sucked it into his mouth. They had decided to stay overnight at a motel, which was shockingly enough the same one they'd stayed at when they had just begun their plan to take down the Hawkins Lab. Nancy moaned lowly as Jonathan began to suck on her neck, she began to remove his belt, throwing it somewhere on the floor as her delicate fingers began to feel him through the denim. She was taken by surprise to find that he was already very hard, with a devious smirk, she had wondered when that had happened.

"You're so beautiful, Nancy." He whispered as he began to tear off his own clothing. Nancy watched as he took off his shirt, she trailed a finger along his shoulder, eyeing his well-sculpted chest. She gasped as she was gently pushed back into the bed, her legs were wrapped carefully around his waist as she awaited for him to push himself inside of her. Jonathan used his teeth to open up a condom, though they had both known it was too late for that. He rolled it on casually before he placed himself at her entrance.

"Are you ready?" He asked, he always made sure she was prepared, it added to the list of reasons why she had loved him.

Nancy was always ready to take him, he didn't need to ask, he never did. She nodded into the pillow, slowly Jonathan began to push himself inside of her. Nancy grabbed at the sheets, pulling onto them as she felt a scream build in the back of her throat. Nancy had forced it back as she bit her lip. She could almost orgasm from the first

penetration alone. Jonathan licked at his fingers before he allowed his hand to explore the lower parts of her body. Her back arched, raising her chest upwards as she wordlessly begged for him to move faster. His fingers met her already swollen bud, he rolled it teasingly between his fingers before he gently tugged at it. Nancy gasped as his fingers toyed with her, Jonathan was holding back his desire to be as rough with her as he normally was. It drove her crazy. Nancy aggressively began to grab at his hair, forcing his ear to her meet her mouth.

"If you don't fuck me hard, Jonathan Byers, I will end you," She muttered breathlessly as she dug her teeth into his ear.

She nibbled on his earlobe just before she released him, Jonathan gave a heady breath as he met her eyes, his lips crashed against Nancy's neck just as he began to smack his hips vigorously against hers, granting her what she had needed. His thrusts grew rougher with each passing second as he left a thin trail of saliva down her collarbone. Nancy had needed this. She had needed to feel Jonathan's body pressed hard against hers as he rocked his hips into her. She had needed to feel him, everywhere. It had been too long since they had been together, they both knew that, and Nancy had only herself to blame for it. In that moment, of a desire so strong she had heard herself begging for it, she had wordlessly promised herself that she would no longer distance herself from Jonathan. It wasn't fair to either of them. Nancy knew she would lose a piece of herself if he ever found someone else.

She couldn't neglect their relationship, she needed Jonathan Byers more than she had needed anyone. He was her anchor, her rock for when things got too real like it had when they first fought the demogorgon together. He kept her sane, and helped her when she had needed him the most. Jonathan began to dig his nails into her sides, keeping her close to him as he forced her slim body to take his heated thrusts. His lips met hers in a passionate moment, Nancy quickly allowed herself to open her mouth, tasting his tongue as he moved within her.

"Jonathan I-" Nancy pleaded just as she felt a sudden, strong wave of pure, unadulterated pleasure wash over her like a violent hurricane. Her body shook as his thrusts grew more erratic, Nancy let out a

small cry as his fingers ran over her face, ghosting over her mouth in an attempt to silence her as she screamed through her violent orgasm. Jonathan clenched his jaw tightly, his beading sweat began to slowly drip down his forehead, his hair glistened with sweat as he panted her name. He leaned his head down, into the crevice of her neck and collarbone, taking in her sweet scent.

"Nancy-" Jonathan groaned into her neck as his own release had rippled through him. Her short nails had then met the soft skin of his back, leaving deep red scratches as his thrusts slowly came to a halt. Jonathan orgasmed within her, his forehead connected with hers as they both caught their much needed breaths.

"It's been too long," Jonathan muttered slowly, his breath tickled her lips. Nancy had only nodded in response, wanting to stay in that moment forever. She untangled her limbs from his body as he began to gently remove himself from her. He quickly discarded of the condom as he collapsed onto his back.

"I missed you," He muttered as he slowly pulled her into a loving embrace. Nancy wrapped his arms around his torso, looking into his eyes with a slight frown. Jonathan kissed her forehead sweetly, just as he noticed a tear fall from her.

"What's wrong?" He asked as he wiped her tear away, Nancy shook her head.

"Don't you think we're too young to have a kid right now, Jonathan?" She asked, Jonathan bit his lip as he thought of an answer.

"I don't want us to end up like our parents, in a loveless marriage or divorced because I got pregnant so early." She muttered as she avoided his gaze.

"Nancy, that won't happen because there won't be a day when I ever stop loving you, alright? Whether we have our first kid now or five years from now wouldn't matter because I'd still be with you, Nance. I'll always want to be with you." He reassured as he kissed her head. Nancy softly toyed with his hair as she listened to him, she always knew that there wasn't anyone else who was as perfect for her as he was. Jonathan Byers was the only person she was sure she'd ever

love.

## 8. Chapter 8

### Notes for the Chapter:

Just so this is painfully clear, I do hate Billy's character and I am not redeeming him in any way. :)

“See ya, Max.” Lucas said as he waved at Max. She huffed as she pulled him into a short but tight embrace.

“See ya, stalker.” She said back, almost completely unable to allow herself to let go.

“Hurry up Romeo, we don't got all night!” Steve called out. Lucas slowly loosened his hold on her, he gave a sigh as Max began to let go of him.

“Gotta go before he leaves without me.” She said, even though they both knew Steve wouldn't ever leave her or any other member of their party behind. Steve was the coolest person they had allowed in their party, other than him and Max, of course.

“Bye,” Lucas said as Max raced down the steps.

“I'm coming, douche.” She said back as she made it to Steve's car. Dustin was already seated in the passenger side, which had slightly annoyed her.

“Next ride I call shotgun.” Max declared as Steve opened the driver's side door. “Not unless I get here first.” Dustin said back.

“Ready?” Steve asked just as he started his car. The two kids nodded as he began to drive. Will, Mike, and Lucas waved to Max and Dustin, whom were too busy arguing to pay attention.

“See ya,” Lucas said as he grabbed his bike and rode to his house. Jane had then grabbed ahold of Mike's hand as Will began to walk towards his mother's car. Mike turned to Jane then, she blushed as they made eye contact. Mike tightened his hold on Jane's hand as he turned towards his parents standing at the doorway. Both of their parents were watching them like hawks as they began to say their



goodbyes. Will stood silently next to Jim as Mike gently pressed a small kiss to Jane's cheek. She blushed as she pulled him into a tight hug.

"See you at school tomorrow?" She asked quietly into his ear. Mike nodded with his own blush.

"Definitely," he muttered back.

"Okay kid, go time." Jim said, earning a small glare from Joyce. Jane turned back to Mike with a small smile as she leaned into his ear.

"I love you," She whispered just before she sprinted down the steps.

"I love you too," Mike muttered back with a blush as he watched her take off. Karen patted Mike's shoulder gently.

"Let's go inside kiddo," Ted said. "Take care, Joyce!" Karen called out just as the family got into their car.

Joyce waved at her with a smile as Mike went into the house. Holly was watching TV as the families exchanged goodbyes, Karen sat next to her young daughter as Ted sat on his recliner. Mike ran up to his room as he awaited Jane's call.

"Until Nancy moves out she's forbidden to see that Byers kid." Ted spoke as he opened the newspaper.

"Holly it's bedtime." Karen said as she walked Holly up the stairs. As soon as Holly got into bed, Karen ran down the stairs and opened up the wine cabinet. She grabbed herself a glass as she walked into the living room.

"So you're going to force our daughter to grow up just because you disapprove of her boyfriend?" Karen asked.

"I'm not forcing her to do anything, I'm just letting her make a decision." Ted spoke back.

"What do you want her to do, then Ted? Get an abortion? Move in with the Byers at eighteen? She made a mistake and at least they have a plan." Karen reasoned before she took a long sip of the semi-

sweet wine.

"That Byers boy is bad news." Ted spoke back.

"You can't possibly think that about him, Ted. You know before Joyce remarried, he worked a part time job to help her make payments on their house? He helped with Will's funeral when Joyce was too unstable. He helps take care of Will when Joyce is working, and has been since Lonnie had left them. He's a responsible young man and you shouldn't base your opinion on how someone presents themselves. Nancy found a good one, Ted." Karen said.

"He's a kid, Karen. He's Lonnie's kid. For all we know he could be as sleazy as his father. Nancy is too young to be thinking about having a family with him. Don't forget how crazy Joyce was when Will went missing, god only knows if that crazy runs in the family." He said.

"He is nothing like his father, and you know damn well that he's better for our daughter than the vast majority of the kids here! Whatever prejudice you hold against him, Ted, you will put aside for the happiness of our daughter! God forbid they run away together and we never speak to her again." Karen shouted. Ted huffed.

"Let her run with that boy, she won't be welcome back in this house." He said as he flipped open the nearby newspaper.

"I want a divorce." Karen uttered finally, just before she downed her third glass of wine that night. "A divorce?" He asked, somewhat shocked. Karen nodded as she swirled the generous amount of wine in her glass.

"When was the last time you took me anywhere, Ted? The last time we slept in the same room together was when we were trying to have Holly for Pete's sake! This isn't a marriage anymore, Ted, and I'm sick of pretending that we still love each other." Karen spoke back as she downed the glass.

"I love you, I've always loved you, Karen." Ted spoke back. Karen chuckled at that as she refilled her glass.

"You love me? You barely even look at me anymore! And... and, I've

been seeing other people. Ted.” She muttered. Ted sighed as he watched her finish the bottle of wine herself. Maybe he just needed to cut her off, drinking too much always made her crazy.

“Karen, why don't you put the wine down and take a bath?” He offered, Karen scoffed.

“A bath? Is that what I need? I just thought I needed a new husband, one that doesn't forget something as simple to remember as my birthday!” Karen shouted as she stood up. Ted huffed as he watched her march up the stairs.

“A divorce? Must be that time of the month again.” Ted muttered to himself as he turned towards the newspaper, reading hastily as he wondered whether his wife's threat of divorce was empty, or if he should be worried about losing her.

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Nancy was silent as her eyes followed Jonathan's movements as he dressed himself. She propped herself up on her shoulder as her eyes traced over the hem of his shirt. Why had he gotten up to dress himself? Jonathan turned to her as he noticed the movements from under the blankets.

“I thought you were still asleep.” He whispered softly. Nancy shrugged as she uncovered her naked form from the blankets, uncaring of the sudden lack of modesty. Jonathan blushed as he looked away from her as she stretched, she let out a slow, soft moan just before she stood up and turned to him.

“I need a shower,” she muttered as she eyed him once more. Jonathan kept his eyes away from her as he nodded. Nancy had loved his shyness at first, it was adorable.

But now she had needed him like how she needed him a year ago. She quickly thought of something to entice him, she didn't want to be alone in the shower and Jonathan was incredible in bed. Nancy closed her eyes lightly, wondering if maybe it would be too far to ask him to join her. She just needed to feel him again, all of him. It was

five in the morning and neither of them wanted to go to school the next day. They were eighteen, they could do whatever the hell they wanted and what Nancy had wanted was to do him. She gave him a glance, asking him upfront would be the easiest way to get her point across, yet if she wasn't blunt he might not catch on to what she was hinting at.

“Want to join?” She asked, her voice nearing a whisper just as she reached the bathroom door. She turned to look at him for a brief second, just before she opened the door and disappeared behind it.

Jonathan hesitated for a moment, he gulped as he followed her inside of the bathroom. Nancy started the water just before she casually jumped in, allowing the heating water to fall carelessly down her back. She heard the bathroom door open, and she smiled to herself as she imagined Jonathan stripping. She closed her eyes as she gently rubbed her neck, she slowly allowed her fingers to trace over the places Jonathan had kissed her just before her hand slipped down to her shoulder. She felt at ease with Jonathan in the bathroom with her, she felt comfortable. The curtain was then slowly pulled open, Nancy opened her eyes as she watched Jonathan nervously entered the shower.

Nancy timidly wrapped her arms around his neck, their lips clashed together almost violently as his hands eagerly roamed down her body. She shivered in surprise as he roughly made contact with her bottom, he gripped her tightly, his nails dug into her soft skin just before he grabbed her thighs and lifted her up. Nancy wrapped her legs around his waist, her lips trailed over his and down his cheekbone as she pressed her hand against the shower wall just as he slowly began to enter her. He wasn't too surprised to find that she was already dripping in anticipation for him, he slid into her easily, gripping at her hips as he thrusting roughly into her.

“Fuck, Jonathan,” She muttered breathlessly as he began to bite down on her shoulder.

“You're so beautiful-” he muttered in her ear. Nancy let go of the wall as she brutally dragged her nails down his back. Nancy let out a small cry as his nails tightened on her skin, she leaned her head back as he began to ravage her neck. The water cascaded down Jonathan

so beautifully, Nancy had thought it was a shame she couldn't capture this moment in a picture. His lips left small red spots all over her neck, Nancy watched as he kissed her, how she wished he would never stop kissing her, and how she wanted him to be with her, just like this forever. She took a deep breath as she felt her legs begin to weaken.

"John-" She muttered, her eyes closed tightly as she silently begged to find her release, it had been so close, so painfully close.

"Nance-" He muttered in response, Nancy erupted in a sudden, loud shout that Jonathan instantly silenced with a heavy kiss. She mumbled her muted scream against his lips, just as he spilled inside of her. Nancy gasped as Jonathan carefully pulled out of her. Jonathan gently lowered her down, carefully making sure she wouldn't fall. She giggled, mostly to herself as she placed her lips against his once more.

"I want to have you forever, Jonathan Byers." She spoke softly.

"You already do, Nancy Wheeler." He muttered back.

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Karen marched down the steps eagerly, disregarding any of Ted's voices of concern. She was her own person, and she was going to make sure he damn right knew that.

"Where are you going at-" He began, he paused shortly to check his watch before his eyes once again met his wife.

"One in the morning?" He asked authoritatively. Karen sighed heavily as she turned to Ted, she wasn't going to act like she was caught sneaking out. She was an adult and perfectly capable of leaving whenever she felt like it, no matter the time. She was not a prisoner and Ted sure as hell was not her boss.

"It doesn't concern you, anymore Ted." She spoke just as they heard a knock on the door. Karen blushed lightly as she dropped her bags to open it. In the doorway, was a young man in a leather jacket, his

defined chest was heavily exposed. The young man smelled of cheap cologne and cigarettes, he stank and Ted could smell him all the way from his recliner. Ted muffled a laugh, was this the person Karen had been talking about? This kid looked as if he just got out of highschool, what would he be doing with Karen? Ted hadn't wanted to think of the obvious answer.

"Hey sweetcheeks," He said with a half smirk. Ted then stood, walking towards his wife as he gave the boy a quick glance.

"This must be Mr. Wheeler," The kid spoke as he reached out a hand. Ted ignored it.

"What is this?" He asked, Karen gave Billy an apologetic look.

"This will only take a minute," She said with a smile just before he lead Ted into the living room.

"I told you, there are other people, Ted. I'm going with Billy for the night. When I come back I expect you to be gone." She spoke just as she turned to leave the room.

"I'm not going anywhere, Karen. Now tell that kid to leave." He shouted back. Karen turned slightly, a part of her had wanted to second guess her decision. She knew what she had with Billy was purely physical. There would be nothing with him in the long run, and Karen knew better than to think she was the only one who was sleeping with him.

She gave Ted a quick, rude gesture with her hand just before she exited the house, allowing Billy to put his arm around her shoulders as he lead her to the car. Ted watched silently as his wife left him for a younger man.

"You told him?" Billy asked her, Karen sighed as she met his eyes, his hand slowly, carelessly met hers, she smiled gently.

"It's the only way to get him to realise our marriage is over, he would have found out anyway once he'd realise grocery shopping doesn't take all day." She spoke back as she threw her bag into his car. Karen almost laughed as she got into the car beside him, she felt like a

teenager again.

Billy looked over at her with a smile, his hand slowly took hers as he began to drive. Karen gave him a halfhearted smile. She was finally leaving her husband, maybe now he could finally be able to be more serious about their relationship, his smile grew as he watched her look out the window. The stars reflected off of her hair, it gave the illusion that she was glowing. Or maybe it was just her, Billy watched as she slowly rubbed her thumb across the top of his hand. She then smiled brightly up at him, he felt his heart pound against his chest.

"I wish he didn't have to find out that way," Billy whispered. Karen turned to him as she raised her eyebrow, when she realised he was serious she laughed.

"What?" He asked, confused by her sudden outburst of laughter.

"I don't care about Ted, anymore Billy. I haven't for a while now." She muttered, Billy swallowed hard as he kept his focus on the road, was she trying to hint that she no longer cared for her husband because of him?

He believed that Karen felt the same towards him as he did towards her. After all, it had just made sense that they were together. Billy just knew that he was meant to be with Karen Wheeler, despite her age. It wasn't that much of a difference anyway, besides he was wise beyond his years and he knew he had to be with Karen. He had yet to say it, but once he spoke it, there wouldn't be a way to take it back. He gulped as his eyes met the diamond ring still secure on her finger.

He was going to wait, until after her divorce was finalized. He didn't know if he could wait, he'd been wanting to tell her since he'd first felt her heated skin against his own. He bit his lip as he took a deep breath, no matter how unconventional their relationship was, Billy cared for her deeply, despite their relationship only being built on sex, he was in love with Karen Wheeler. It meant more to him anyway, being with her was way better than some prissy high school girl. He felt more for her than just wanting sex, He had known for a while, and he just wanted to tell her, just to build a future with her. He decided he was going to tell her as soon as that ring was no longer standing in between them.

## 9. Chapter 9

Nancy gently rubbed small circles on her belly, almost unbelieving that she had a child within her, that she had *Jonathan's* child within her. She sat on the medical bed, slowly kicking her legs as she yawned. It was Monday, after school. She had spent the weekend with Jonathan, but now she was back in reality. The reality that meant she was very much pregnant, and very much still attending high school. Her mom was in the waiting room with Holly. Mike was at Dustin's house, most likely planning their next campaign. She bit her lip as the doctor knocked on the door before he entered the room. Nancy assumed her father was at work, since he had not been home when she had returned.

"Ms. Wheeler," He spoke as he sat on the stool beside her. "You are aware of the precautions you can take before-" the doctor began, Nancy sighed.

"Yes." She spoke back.

"You're very young still, Nancy. You have your entire life ahead of you, don't let a mistake hold you back. Have you thought about all of the other options?" The doctor asked, Nancy scoffed, the doctor sighed as he looked through the papers on his clipboard.

"You're in fine condition to carry a child, I see nothing that would cause any concern. I would like to see you back here at least once a month to keep making sure you and your child are in good health. Please schedule another appointment with the front desk." He said as he fixed his glasses.

"Bye." Nancy spoke with bitterness as she got off of the clinic bed and walked towards the exit. She was met with her mother and sister in the waiting room.

"How did it go?" Her mother asked, Nancy gave a breath.

"It was fine." Nancy spoke quickly as she walked past her mother and out of the clinic. She huffed as she roughly opened the door, her legs taking her directly past her mother's car from their own accord.



"Where are you going? Nancy!" Karen asked as she sped up to catch her daughter. Nancy groaned, highly annoyed as she walked down the sidewalk.

"I'm going to the general store." She spoke as she turned to her mother.

"I can take you," Her mother said. Nancy rolled her eyes as she continued walking.

"Nancy Wheeler get in the god damned car now!" Karen shouted abruptly. Her sudden change of tone caused alarm amongst the people passing by.

Nancy turned to face her mother, she was surprised her mother had used such foul language, usually she was upbeat and always kind. Karen was very obviously upset, and her tone had made it painfully clear. Whether it had been from a number of unpleasant personal issues she had going on in her life or from Nancy's sudden attitude towards everyone older than her, Nancy hadn't cared. Nancy wanted to distance herself from everyone that had any sort of authority in her life, her mother included. She wanted to be alone, her anger ate her up for the past two hours of being with that unpleasant and quite disrespectful doctor. She wanted to escape and once again be in the arms of Jonathan Byers, though he was busy working a shift at the general store. Nancy drew a deep breath, inhaling as she began her simple response.

"No." She spoke back, trying not to outwardly disrespect her mother in public, yet also uncaring of how others looked at her or what they thought of her. Her answer which had not seemed to cause her mother any surprise. Karen had been expecting that answer, though she had hoped Nancy would be more considerate, Karen had yet to tell her children of her divorce from their father, who had not yet planned out where to move.

Their household income would be greatly reduced, making Karen worry whether they would even be able to afford their house. Nancy was too strong willed, which was something Karen had related to back when she had been Nancy's age. Nancy looked towards the other mothers passing by the scene, they all gave Karen sympathetic

glances, unbelieving that their own children would one day grow up to be as defiant as Nancy. Karen closes her eyes tightly as she gave a strong breath, trying her best to deny herself the anger that had seemingly begin to sprout within her.

“If you believe that you're ready to be by yourself, I won't stop you, but until you drop that attitude you can stay with your boyfriend!” Karen shouted after her. Holly yanked on her mother's hand worriedly, to which Karen forced herself to wear a smile before she looked towards her young daughter.

“Let's go get some ice cream,” Karen said gently. Holly nodded as they then walked into her car. Karen drove in the opposite direction of Nancy, uncaring if she would change her mind and decide she would need a ride.

The store was a few blocks away, and being pregnant was already so tiring. Karen almost wanted to drive to Nancy, but just knew if she did that, Nancy would surely only respond with anger and annoyance, something she didn't want Holly to witness. Nancy walked quickly, she ignored the people she walked past as she continued her journey down the sidewalk. It was closer to six, now, she could tell. The doctor had been encircling her mind, making her angrier by the second as she walked with haste.

“I swear to-” She began, just as she saw a very strange, out of place black car from across the street. She tried to ignore it, her eyes going from the car to inspect the person within it.

Whoever was inside of the car was shielded from her view. Even through the tinted windows, Nancy knew she was being watched, it reminded her of when she had been in the park with Jonathan. Nancy always knew when she was being watched, yet she had hoped this time she was wrong. She looked away from the car almost immediately and sped up into a jog. She was nearly running just as the car began to follow her. She instantly regretted that she was alone and unarmed, wishing her mom would drive by and pick her up.

Whoever was following her, she knew was bad news, and she was defenceless. The car slowed just to her pace, Nancy gulped as she

continued walking, pretending not to notice. She was slowly becoming less ignorant of the pain slowly creeping up her legs, perhaps walking hadn't been such a great idea. She pretended that she didn't notice the driver cranked down the tinted window, Nancy turned slightly towards the older looking man as it became clear he wanted to talk. "Need a ride?" He spoke kindly, his words were innocent, and for a second Nancy almost broke down in tears from unshakable fear.

"I'm almost there," She replied, her voice almost breaking as she took a shaky breath.

"Where are you headed?" He asked, Nancy shrugged.

"The general store." She muttered. The man raised an eyebrow as he looked ahead.

"Nancy, please get in." He said, just as he lifted his coat slightly to reveal a pistol. Nancy turned to the car as he had stopped it. She quickly opened the door and got in, she fought back her tears as she begged herself to not cry. Her fear was taking over her quickly, Nancy refused to allow the man next to her to notice that. She thought back to how she stormed away from her mother, and how she just wanted to be alone. Now she had wished her mother was beside her, that she was telling Nancy that everything was going to be okay, because she was unsure if it would be.

"I know about you and the older Byers kid." The man spoke casually, threateningly. She began to cry. The man gave a breath as he reached into his other pocket to hand her a tissue. She refused to take it.

"What do you want from me?" She whispered, the man let out a breath.

"You made a mistake, Ms. Wheeler. I can help you get rid of the mistake. I only offer you this opportunity for you to live a normal life, without this mistake holding you back. You'll be able to go to any college of your choice, once this offer is accepted it would be as if this never happened." The man spoke as his eyes went to her abdomen.

“Mistake?” She whispered slowly, the realisation of what she was referring to instantly went through her mind. Nancy took a deep breath.

“I'm not letting you get anywhere near me or my baby.” She spoke back quickly.

“I'm not going to hurt you, or the child, Nancy. I simply want to take it off of your hands, the child will be in my custody, the country's custody, and it will be safe, safer than Eleven is right now. I assure you of that.” He spoke.

“Are you fucking insane?” She spat back as she tried to open the door, only to realise she was locked in.

“If you don't, I'll take it from you by force. You're not leaving this car, Nancy. Not until you agree to give me what I want.” He spoke.

“I am sure by now you are familiar with Eleven, correct?” He asked, Nancy scoffed.

“She has a name. And you are the doctor that experimented on her, aren't you?” She shot back.

“Everything I had done, I did to better the country. There are a few casualties, but isn't that true of every war? All I am offering you is to make this little mistake disappear, after this is done, you will be free to live your life however you may please. All I am asking of you is to accept my offer. It will be as if none of this ever happened.” He spoke back.

Nancy quickly picked up on the hint of desperation in his tone. Even if it meant her life, Nancy wouldn't ever think of accepting. She had known of the danger she was in being with this man. Locked in his car without any witnesses, Nancy was sure she was going to undergo whatever he was planning, with or without her consent. She could only pray that he wouldn't kill her, or leave her in a catatonic state. She gulped as she thought of what to say. She didn't want to cause any more danger to herself, yet she hoped he would allow her to go free.

"If Russia or any other country found out about this, if they tried to recreate Elev-Jane, don't you think we should be prepared? We could have an army of super soldiers attack our country's borders, and if we aren't prepared, it would be the end of America. That can all be avoided if you and many other expectant mothers just accept my offer." He spoke back.

Nancy swallowed hard. He not only planned on doing this to her, but many other women would be subjected to undergo his unethical experiment. For what? The probability that Russia might find out about Jane and try to recreate her? A mistake he had made in the first place. Nancy was fuming as he expected her to not only accept his offer, but go along with any torture he'd subject her to, all to prepare for a war that might not even happen. Nancy was smarter than that, the war scheme he was so keen on talking about was a cover up. He wanted to control the children he experimented on, he wanted to control America.

"No," She spoke back. He pressed his lips together as he once again showed her his very real, very threatening gun.

"You will accept my offer, Nancy." He spoke casually.

"I'm not-" she said, just as she turned to the door and attempted to open it.

He grunted as he lifted his gun and shot her, Nancy felt something pierce through her skin, unknownst if it was a bullet or maybe something else, she pulled herself away from the door as she looked towards the man, her eyesight had turned blurry, almost as if she had drank too much. Her head was spinning like a record, Nancy whimpered as she slowly began to lose her vision, each passing second made it hard for her to keep her eyes open. Drugged. She thought as she looked down towards the needle stuck in her side. She slowly pulled it out, wondering how she was going to get out of this alive. She muttered for help just as everything became black.